JOHN BULL, week ending May 6, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1977

3D EVERY THURSDAY

YOU CAN'T RELAX YET! by the EDITOR

"BULLETS" FIRST SOARS TO £250

FIRE OVER THE PACIFIC by A.G.G.

HIS CHOCOLATE RATION MEANS MUCH TO HIM . . .

To you who read this, chocolate may be important. You may feel its shortage keenly . . . But to our men in the Merchant Navy its importance as a food is often vital.

Thousands of heroic survivors of enemy action at sea have owed their lives to the rations which form part of every lifeboat's regulation equipment. Chocolate is always included . . . . a specially prepared chocolate which gives extra nutrition and does not increase thirst.

Chocolate is issued to all our men in North Africa, Italy and the Middle East. It is an essential part of the ration of every para-troop soldier when he jumps out. It helps to keep our bomber crews fit and alert on long flights over enemy country . . .

Four out of every five tons of chocolate produced at our Bournville factory goes to these and other priorities. This explains why *your* chocolate is scarce and why Cadbury's is sometimes difficult to get.

CADBURY means QUALITY

You can replace the stopper . .
we can't!
Bulmer's' Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. To help conserve vital stocks of rubber and at the same time maintain your supplies of Bulmers, please see that the stoppers are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'
BULMER'S DRY CIDER
BOTTLED BY H. P. BULMER & CO HEREFORD
Bulmer's Cider
H. P. BULMER AND CO., LTD., HEREFORD.
roydec5

FOOD FACTS

NAMCO

BREAKFAST CEREALS

PRESERVES AND SUGAR

WELFARE FOODS

NAMCO

To the Under-Eighteens

Are you having Namco, the National Milk-Cocoa, at the office or factory or shop where you work? If not you are missing a good thing. Namco is an 'Extra-special' which provides the extra first-class protein you need to be fighting-fit. It is a delicious blend of cocoa, sugar and milk. Choose it in place of the usual cup of tea or coffee.

PRESERVES AND SUGAR

From April 30th you will have six coupons every four weeks to buy either preserves or sugar. They will be the four sugar coupons and the coupon marked P (as at present) plus the coupon marked R, all of which are in the sugar section of coupons. Each of these six coupons will be worth either 1 lb. preserves or ½ lb. sugar. This means that you will be able to buy as much as 6 lbs. preserves (6 x 1 lb.) or as much as 3 lbs. sugar (6 x ½ lb.). But as you will probably want both preserves and sugar, remember that you use one coupon for every 1 lb. of jam, and two coupons for every 1 lb. of sugar. This is an excellent chance to fill the jam shelf in your store cupboard. Take advantage of it.

BREAKFAST CEREALS

Some people don't understand why they cannot get the varieties of breakfast cereals they used to have. This is the explanation. No corn flakes are being made owing to shortage of maize. Wheat flakes are being manufactured instead. Again, owing to the need to save transport, breakfast food distribution has had to be "zoned" which means restricting the choice available. The Ministry of Food has however arranged with the manufacturers that at least one flaked, puffed or granular cereal and one biscuit type are distributed in each area.

WELFARE FOODS

There are over 10,000 distributing points spread over the country where you can get ORANGE JUICE AND COD LIVER OIL for your child. Don't risk your child's health by forgetting or not bothering to get his share. Your child needs orange juice and cod liver oil every single day, in summer as well as winter. *Every time you see your child's Green Ration Book think of orange juice and cod liver oil!*

Listen to the Kitchen Front on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 199

On Active Service

Electricity prepares the way for every offensive

And when the last offensive has ended in final victory, Electricity, like the fighting forces, will return to the *home*. MEANWHILE, WE MUST SAVE FUEL!

EDA

DUTY FREE SMOKES

for P.O.W., ROYAL NAVY & H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS

may be sent at a quarter of the home price, and are packed in vacuum-tins to ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Just ask your tobacconist for the official label/order form or in case of difficulty write direct to us, George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Duty Free Dept., 9, Causeyside Street, Paisley, Scotland. All you then need to do is to fill in the details according to the directions on the back of the label and return to your tobacconist or post back to us, as the case may be. Your order will receive immediate attention and you will be notified of despatch.

FOUR SQUARE

Tobacco and Cigarettes

Shoe-Economy Tip for Walkers!

When your shoes are smart and comfy
Shank's pony is more fun;
Especially when you miss your bus,
And have to walk when work is done.
Take this tip when next you're buying
Shoes whose comfy look appeals;
Keep their looks and wear them long by
Fitting Goodyear Soles and Heels!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's so well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

SOMETIMES HARD TO OBTAIN BUT ALWAYS WORTH WAITING FOR

'CAMP' COFFEE

NO TROUBLE
NO WASTE

CASHMERE CARDIGAN BOAT RACE SOUVENIR

No clothes coupons could replace it, so wash it with
SYLVAN FLAKES

How welcome this pure wool cardigan was on the chilly towpath. How gay it looked under the soft lights in the tea shop after the Race. It has retained its shape so well — a tribute to your careful choice. You can still wash that cardigan, together with other such prized possessions, in Sylvan Flakes. These pure, rich soap flakes are scarcer now, so although they are ideal for all household uses, save them for your most delicate fabrics of wool, silk, linen or fine lace, whether white or coloured. In wartime Sylvan Flakes are packed in bulk. You can tell them by their firm, white appearance. Be sure you get Sylvan Flakes, and save them for those "extra specials." You get three ounces for one coupon. Weight for weight, they go further than any other kind of soap.

SYLVAN FLAKES

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 6, 1944.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

STORM APPROACHING

NEVER before have so many hundreds of millions of people been kept in suspense—and some of them are important generals.

For Eisenhower has communicated The Date only to the leading Allied statesmen and his principal commanders; at least one High Personage is a little piqued in consequence.

But most of the Allied peoples, including the Russians, are quite content with this secrecy and its effects on the enemy.

They'll Surprise Us

There is no doubt that Germany is suffering from "invasion nerves." She knows that the lull on most of Europe's battle-fronts heralds the mightiest storm since this world was born amid lightning and the rush of comets.

She knows that the Russians are preparing an enormous offensive to coincide with British and American blows. It will be Stalin's biggest effort, and may be so big as to surprise us all.

Alexander Waits

The Germans also know (or so they claim) that men and equipment are still pouring into Italy.

That seems reasonable enough. Because, as the Russians have stated, the storm will encompass Germany not only from east and west, but from the south as well.

New Base

Secretly and swiftly, an air base has been built on the sun-splashed island of Corsica. Perhaps bombers will not be the only craft to strike from there at southern Europe. At any rate, the enemy is taking no chances; he is fortifying the French Riviera coast and preparing for Allied landings in northern Italy.

More to Come!

In the air, our operations are already so gigantic that few can realise their magnitude. Their scope and fury are unprecedented. They are churning vital military centres into dust. They are making the Reich a hell on earth.

Yet they are little to what is coming.

Battle Over Britain?

Even with such might at our command the struggle will be grim. Though the enemy cannot hope to match our blows, he will seek to deflect them. So there may be truth in the reports that German parachute divisions are massing in Denmark.

It may well be that a new Battle of Britain will be part of the Battle for Europe.

Foolish Finns

In Europe's Far North, forced Norwegian labour is blasting an escape route through mountains and rocks for the German army marooned in Finland.

Thus the Finns' shilly-shallying is an Axis asset. It will not be surprising if eventually they exhaust the Russian patience and have to pay heavily for their folly.

Crumbling Balkans

In the south-east, the Germans may evacuate the Rumanian port of Constanza and make Varna, in Bulgaria, their main base in this region.

That, too, would be logical enough. The Balkans are crumbling under the weight of British and American bombs and their people terrified by the approaching Russian armies.

The Choice

Our bombing will continue—and increase—until Stalin gives us the word to stop. The Rumanians and Bulgarians should make no mistake about that.

They must talk peace earnestly and immediately or be smothered by the great forces Russia has ready and by round-the-clock bombers.

Hungarians have observed that we did not bomb their capital, Budapest, until their government became a Nazi puppet. They, too, must change politics or take the consequences.

Crowns in Danger

Greece, you will have noticed, has a new Prime Minister. Formerly an "underground" leader, he should be sufficiently trusted to prevent any repetition of the mutiny in the Greek army and navy.

Mutiny cannot be condoned. But neither can the Greek king's refusal to pardon the political prisoners who opposed their country's pre-war dictatorship. Unless he heeds the advice of his new ministers, King George will find it hard to retain his crown.

King Peter of Yugoslavia, too, will become a commoner if he does not soon acknowledge the claims of democracy.

"THANKS TO JOHN BULL—

we smoothed things out," writes Mr. J. W. Bromfield, of Sherwood, Nottingham, in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.,
in addition to
FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Polish Jews

Then there is the disturbing incident of those Jewish soldiers who deserted the Polish army after much ill-treatment. It could not be glossed over by the dry statement of Mr. Law's; fortunately, Mr. Eden himself has intervened.

No doubt he will emphasise to Poland, Greece and Yugoslavia that Britain cannot acquiesce in autocratic acts by exiled Allied governments. After all, we in Britain are fighting this war to end autocracy.

Outburst

So, without other comment, most of us will welcome the denunciation by responsible Americans of their fellow-countryman, General "Blood and Guts" Patton, who rashly says that Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia are "destined to rule the world."

Those three countries have a worthier mission—to *lead* the world to peace and economic sanity.

Time to Act

Sir John Anderson's Budget speech hinted that the war in the West might be over within a year. And the hint was probably based on sound military information.

The three Great Powers therefore should be ready to assume their mission, and the visit of Mr. Stettinius to London suggested that preliminaries are under discussion.

Indeed, it is said that Britain is prepared to enter into a broad agreement with the United States on defence, economic, financial and other problems.

Where's Moscow?

But there is no word of the Third Power. Once again it seems to be a case of London and Washington getting together while Moscow remains half a world away.

In JOHN BULL's view, unless Russia is invited and agrees to take part in such negotiations at the very beginning there will not be much hope of securing real unity between the partly United Nations.

Selfish Policies

Our statesmen must think in bolder terms than concord between two great States. They must take a bigger view of the world's difficulties—as big as the excellent speech of an Australian minister to the I.L.O.:

"Countries must eschew short-sighted, selfish policies if they are to avoid future disaster."

Going Slow

To which we would add just this:

The need now is for consultation between *all* the United Nations on the basic economic principles by which future policies must be guided.

Perhaps the Empire Conference will persuade the British Government to move a little faster. Perhaps the Labour Ministers in the Government will even persuade their Conservative team-mates to study the Labour Party's new reports on international affairs, civil transport, full employment.

Unity and Sir Stafford

They are sensible and realistic. They do not hesitate to explain why our sacrifices will not come to an end with peace. They take the long view, but also they propose interim measures for use until the world can be properly planned and justly governed.

Having paid this tribute, we must regret that a Party which aims at world unity should perpetuate disunity among its friends at home by deciding to oppose Sir Stafford Cripps at the next election.

Tired of Waiting

Consider another aspect of world planning. Tired of waiting for the Government, the National Farmers' Union is drawing up its own plan for British agriculture.

Splendid! But what good will it be unless the Government decides to implement the Hot Springs decisions to gear British farming to the world situation?

Marking Time

Again, Plymouth has produced a wonderful plan to rebuild the city. But as Plymouth's civic heads sadly admit, it cannot be started unless the Government makes up its mind about the Scott, Uthwatt and Barlow Reports.

In fact, before we can begin to build houses on a big scale the Government will have to announce a policy for all the factors involved—transport, labour, agriculture, the siting of industry, and so on; factors which in turn depend on international planning.

Which means that the Government should now come forward with a comprehensive policy. It has been marking-time for a dangerously long time!

(Continued overleaf)

KEPT IDLE

He is one of Britain's key war-workers. If he is idle, many other men and women making instruments for the Second Front have to be idle, too.

And the other day he broke his glasses—without which he is helpless.

He rushed along to an optician.

"You can't get these lenses for another six weeks at least," he was told.

He pleaded, cajoled. He so convinced the optician that war production would suffer at a very vital moment that the optician rang up the Board of Trade.

"He should have had two pairs of glasses in the first place," said that august body.

The man's managing director bustled along to see the optician. Together they rang six different departments in Whitehall.

They could do nothing. "There are no priorities for glasses," they were told.

The optician told JOHN BULL: "Pretty well every week I have to tell essential war workers who are absolutely dependent on their glasses that they have got to wait weeks, even months, for repairs.

"I made representations to Whitehall to oblige the firm, but, believe me, I knew what the result would be. I've been told the story so often before."

Helpful, isn't it?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THERE have been murmurings again about competition from aliens. An uneasy feeling is being stimulated by a few people who do not know the facts.

They are vicious people, these moaners. A casual remark sets others thinking. A sarcastic comment can worry a man who is fighting instead of looking after his peace time job—until he loses all sense of proportion.

Only Thirty

Let's try to get a right proportion. Recently there was considerable agitation about granting business licences to non-Britons.

In the end it was established that of the 2,969 licences issued between January, 1943, and June 30, 1943, only thirty were issued to aliens.

Where's the Competition?

There are facts in abundance to wreck the arguments of those who say: "Watch the foreigners—they're pinching our jobs."

How many refugees do you think there are in this country? Enemy aliens (that's to say people who are not under the control of their own Governments) number 55,000. Six out of every ten of those are women and children; more than six out of every ten are over sixty years of age.

Under Same Rules

All these foreigners, if they are not in the Services, are directed into industry like our own people. They join trade unions and obey the rules like British workers.

Judge Edward Cave, K.C., did not appear very tactful at Bournemouth the other day. During the hearing of a possession case he said: "When the American invasion, the foreigners' invasion and all the other invasions are over, there may be more accommodation for English people."

Those Who'll Stay

It's reasonable to assume that many of the foreigners will want to go back home when the war's over. A fair estimate is that 20,000 or so will stay here. Not a lot to worry Judge Cave or the rest of our population of 46,000,000.

Well, we hope those figures may provide some ammunition against the tub-thumpers who raise their anti-alien arguments.

Good for Essex

In the meantime, we'll get nearer reality. And what better way than to give a word of high praise to the Essex Council which is seeking to earmark certain airfields for conversion after the war into housing estates.

Each airfield could be converted into a small township accommodating 800 or 900 families. Good for this Council; in happier times we could mention its name. If we did now it might add a tiny piece to the jigsaw of the enemy's information service.

Happy Landings

More praise goes north to Inverness Allotments Association. They've granted plots to old-age pensioners free of charge for "victory crops."

Younger men are helping the old people to dig, and one of our correspondents tells us the scheme is working wonderfully well. The pensioners are being given seeds and young plants. And what's nicest of all to know is that Land Girls in the district are helping in their free time.

Flower Trick

Talking about the land. . . . Children in country districts in the Midlands like to have flowers made of silk and wire which Italian prisoners make for them. The children provide the materials; the prisoners make the flowers when they are having a lunch-time rest.

That's all innocent enough.

But why is it that these flowers find their way in big quantities to the local markets stalls? Is someone exploiting the children? Or the prisoners?

Worst Fed?

From Kent comes a report from a reader who's been working on farm repairs and "first aid" work for the last three years. He thinks that he and his fellow-workers are the worst fed in the country. No British restaurants or canteens for them. No extra cheese. Just bad weather, the ordinary rations and "packed meals"—which test the ingenuity of any housewife.

By Appliance

A little further north—in Essex again—people are wondering why an officer gave permission for his men to visit a local N.F.S. football match at a ground well served by public conveyances, and said that N.F.S. appliances should take the men to the nearest fire station.

This was three-quarters of a mile from the ground. The men had to walk or bus the rest.

The people wondered because it is no new thing to hear of fire pumps breaking down because a pint of petrol cannot be spared to turn them over for a few minutes once a week.

Lengthy Holiday

The Ministry of Food notified an over-forty clerk that she could consider herself on the permanent war-time staff. As such she was entitled to holidays with pay and was asked to choose suitable dates.

She did so, booked acommodation, and a few days before going on holiday was dismissed as redundant.

Back to Scratch

She complained at the arbitrary treatment, and was told that she would be re-engaged when times were busier—at the lowest commencing wage.

Unless prison is the only alternative she will not be available when the Ministry decides it wants her again.

Her Reward

A much worse case of hard treatment has aroused a storm at Gateshead. For 47 years Miss Isabella Smith scrubbed the floors and corridors of the town hall. When she decided she had had enough, the Gateshead Council Estates and Housing Committee recommended that she should be given 23 days' holiday with pay—about £10 to add to her 10s. a week old-age pension.

Councillors' Comfort

Councillor G. C. Esther is among the people who think this treatment is unutterably mean. He mentions in a letter to JOHN BULL that Miss Smith must have "dusted down" something like 120,000 times in her lifetime's service. She looked after the Council Chamber—and therefore directly after the comfort of the Council.

And the Mayor

Members of the Gateshead Council seem capable of looking after their own comfort. Immediately after dealing with Miss Smith's reward for services rendered they went on to discuss a recommended increase in the Mayor's salary from £250 to £400 a year.

That went through with very little argument. Whoever put the items of business together on the Council's agenda must have had a nice sense of irony. Or perhaps he could see no comparison between the treatment of two public servants?

Called Up Twice

George Talbot, a 19-year-old Devon lad, was passed as fit by the doctors who examined him for military service. Within a few months of joining up he collapsed and was taken to hospital. From there he went into a sanatorium, and on his death-bed got another set of calling-up papers.

That was two years ago.

Out of their Reach

Now two police sergeants have called at the lad's home to detain him on behalf of the military authorities. His parents, both over 70, had to explain that their boy had been in his grave since 1942. You would have thought such pain could have been avoided.

Rare Metal

In Sheffield they've got a pretty good idea of the value of metal. That's why a reader did a few simple sums when he was charged 8s. 8d. the other day for eight new bars for his gas cooker.

The firm said that was only a little more than they had to pay for the steel strip. Which meant that the stuff was being sold for £250 a ton. That brings cooker bars into the rare metal class.

Government Pays

With prices like that the ordinary person is more than ready to make do with second-hand or salvaged materials. But terrible waste and extravagance is still going on in the big companies which, under war conditions, are largely financed by the Government.

Four readers, employed as stores auditors, send in some facts about the organisation they serve. . . .

Up in Flames

A week or two ago they had a grand bonfire in a field adjoining the factory. To get it going properly four men worked under the supervision of a charge hand and under the direction of the manager of the factory.

★ **HOME-PLANNER**

- **The wives of farmworkers will have reason to be grateful to Miss Elizabeth Denby—the only woman to be elected an honorary member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. She has designed ideal farm cottages that will let for 12s.—compared with the 14s. asked for Ministry of Health cottages.**
- **These Denby homes, now being built, centre round a real farmhouse kitchen and everything has been planned to save labour. They are the sort of houses the overworked farm-labourer's wife has dreamt about. Let's hope they'll be an example to Miss Denby's brother architects.**

Wood of various useful lengths went on to the fire; so did three bags of kapok and upholstery material.

Kept in Store

The readers say that materials which are either surplus or redundant are left stored year after year instead of being sent back for salvage.

The management seem to have no interest in saving—as they would have if private money were involved.

At the Dump

These rubber dumps up and down the country are still a scandal. There's one in Derbyshire consisting of solid tyres that had been kicking about for the last twenty years.

About two years ago they were put into some sort of heap. But they were not taken away. A salvage lorry comes every week to collect waste paper from the local works. When the driver suggested he might take the rubber he was roundly told off. So the stuff looks like being there another twenty years.

Ham for Tea

Another little point about waste of bread. Boiled ham was a favourite Sunday tea-time delicacy in thousands of homes before the war. Now you're very lucky if you can get it. Yet many of the big stores are regularly displaying piles of ready-cut ham sandwiches.

No doubt the profit is much greater on sandwiches than on sliced ham, but that's nothing to do with it.

The fact is that people are being encouraged to buy bread they don't want. Why should not the ham be sold on points so that housewives can make their own sandwiches if they want to?

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **With the expected collapse of the *Luftwaffe* fighters, Allied light aircraft may be switched to a new form of attack over France.**
- ***They watch the sky in Japan, showing anxiety by closing cinemas and theatres in anticipation of an air offensive.***
- **Navigation expert Air Vice-Marshal Bennett considers Britain's all-wooden Mosquito to be the finest 'plane produced in this war.**
- **Number of Polish guerillas now collaborating with the Russians is estimated at over 150,000.**
- ***America's fighter pilot Don Gentile — score twenty-five 'planes shot down, seven destroyed on the ground—may go home on leave after crash-landing.***

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

YOU CAN'T RELAX YET!

BECAUSE the defeat of Germany is now only a question of time, the Diehards who want to go back to pre-war conditions are busily preparing to block the paths of social progress.

They are justifying the warnings we gave last July in our leader: "Think, Work, Fight."

JOHN BULL told you then that "the enemies of the common man" were already mobilising under cover."

But that was nine months ago. To-day they are coming into the open and their plan of campaign is growing clearer.

They have not yet declared war against all progress and reform. They pose as bluff, hearty fellows, anxious to promote the welfare of the people—"within the limits of common-sense" and "as far as the country can afford it."

But they are doing their utmost to confuse reasonable State control with tyrannical bureaucracy. They assert that full employment cannot be assured except through "free" private enterprise and "healthy" competition.

And, having dizzied at least some of the public with this poison gas, they hope to break the morale of many more with a terror barrage of "inflation."

Preliminary salvos have already been fired, with Lord Croft as battery commander.

"This Government has committed us," he told the Primrose League in London the other day, "to reforms which will cost us several hundreds of millions of pounds each year.

"Stampede the nation into the belief that revenue is inexhaustible and pile up the commitments above that great figure to which we are already and definitely committed; then, nothing can stay a flood of inflation which would mean ruin for us all."

Never has any reform gone through Parliament without being opposed by the same hoary old argument that the country could not afford it.

When Lloyd George introduced old age pensions, the Colonel Blimps of that generation argued that the whole community would be made poor through this "pauperisation" of old age.

Then, as now, the tough, unteachable old warriors of Big Business, Privilege and Private Enterprise demanded liberty to do as they pleased and freedom from all personal restraint.

We have forgone many liberties and accepted many restraints since 1939, but we are better fed than any other warring people in the Old World, and many people are financially better off than ever before.

Lord Croft, however, depicts us as "regimented, dragooned and pestered by petty tyranny." He urges us to escape as soon as possible from the present "evil code of coercion and *Prussianism*"!

And Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air, has recently hinted that too much State control of industry will mean the extinction of "the little man," and will ultimately turn our children into "little State stooges."

He wants to see "a policy which will restore as fast as possible our liberties and free us as soon as possible from every vestige of unwanted, avoidable bureaucratic control of our lives."

So do we, *provided* the emphasis is put upon the words "unwanted" and "avoidable."

But what the Diehards want and what most ordinary people want are two different things.

Lord McGowan, chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, is another of the champions of "free enterprise."

Curiously, he has no objection to State "interference" when it takes the form of subsidies to Big Business.

"The State," he observes, "should accept its responsibility by providing conditions favourable to capital expenditure at a time when activity in the production of consumable goods appears to be falling off."

This great captain of industry is heartily in favour of receiving subsidies out of the public pocket provided, of course, that they do not entail any measure of public control.

We must, it would appear, trust to the benevolence and altruism of men like himself. For the I.C.I., says Lord McGowan, "when dealing with areas such as South Wales, intend to be guided by a spirit which will set less store on the strictly economic aspect so that they will be able to erect new factories on sites in those areas *even at a reduced return on the proposed investment.*"

What munificence, what generous public spirit is to be found behind this fine declaration!

What can it mean except that the lords of high finance and cartels, declared or undeclared, are ready to cut percentage profits, provided their turnovers are big enough and their monopoly positions sufficiently unchallenged—and provided that the State guarantees them against loss?

Do not imagine that Lord McGowan and Captain Balfour, Mr. Peake and Mr. Assheton and Major Guy Lloyd are alone in this attitude of virtuous willingness to support social reform—within the limits of the nation's financial resources.

The coal-owners have certainly agreed to the "peace pact" in the mines, but they have done so only as a choice between two evils.

They would rather pay the miners a living wage than accept nationalisation, but only just. They intend, at all costs, to preserve their big "rake off" on the profits of this foremost national industry.

And so it is with every other proposed reform. At long last the Government *has* accepted the validity of JOHN BULL's reiterated plea for a national water "grid."

But all the hundreds of local and private water undertakings are against any proposals to restrict *their* "private enterprises," and the multitudinous electricity supply companies mean to fight nationalisation—and rationalisation—tooth and claw.

The same streak of furious individualism runs through professional as well as business life. Hence the British Medical Association's stubborn opposition to the new National Health proposals and the Industrial Insurance Companies rabid denunciation of all national assurance schemes which may cut into their profits.

Hence, too, the Property Owners' grim stand against the Scott, Uthwatt and Barlow Reports; hence, undeniably, the present Government's reluctance to formulate and carry through any hard and fast policy of social and economic reform.

Certainly, "inflation" is *not* a mere bogy There *are* limits to the capacity of the public purse.

But we shall never "go broke" through spending our money on constructive national reforms. We shall never show a loss on reconstruction programmes carefully and sagaciously planned to show a *national* profit.

The latest "no change" Budget has given proof of the wonderful resilience of this country's resources.

And though Sir John Anderson has warned us that a continued rise in the average wage level must present inflationary dangers, he admits that so far all extra wages have been more than offset by taxation and increased savings!

EMPHATICALLY, we can *afford* to put through every proposal which has yet been made for the better housing, the better health, and the better education of the community.

More than ever before, this is a time for "the common man" to think and work and fight. It would be fatal to relax.

He should fight not to abolish but to maintain all the war time controls which have helped to ensure his standard of living and his security of employment.

And he should fight against every proposal to finance the greater "private enterprises" at his expense.

Liberty means little without a steady job at a fair wage. And State control is no burden to the individual, provided it seeks to control nothing but the abuse of privilege and the power of selfish monopolies.

Indeed, in this mechanised age government necessitates an elaborate system of control. Our future and our happiness depend upon our determination to wield the essential economic and social levers.

Not Much Fun on 4s. a Week

"IT'S no hardship for girls to work on munitions," many an old gentleman has said. "They're well paid, you know—having the time of their lives."

Are they?

Well, the Electrical Trades Union has been allowed to peep into the handbags of women employed at a big engineering factory. And there wasn't much in them!

The average wage was 47s. a week, plus 7s. 2d. output bonus. One woman, after paying for lodgings, food, fares, insurances, and 2s. savings stamps, had just 4s. left over at the end of the week.

★ ★ ★

Would that give her the time of her life?

Another woman, after providing herself with the bare necessities of life, had 5s. for her handbag.

Could that sum tempt her to extravagance?

Before any irate old gentleman answers, let him remember that this "surplus money" is really nothing of the sort.

Every girl has to buy clothes, mending wool, toothpaste, stationery, and all the other things that statisticians, for some reason known only to themselves, do not regard as necessities.

★ ★ ★

"Transferred girls are in the worst plight," says the Electrical Trades Union.

"If they fall ill or meet with an accident they find that their insurance benefit or compensation payment is quite insufficient to cover current expense, and they rapidly fall into debt."

That was precisely the conclusion of a JOHN BULL investigator who toured the West Midlands some few months ago.

He found, too, that many transferred girl workers were having to skip lunch at the canteen and merely have a sandwich in order to make ends meet.

Now let us go North. A Scottish engineering factory offers a typical example.

The women employed there receive a basic wage of 29s., plus a bonus that is usually round about 22s. a week; £2 11s. is an average week.

Some of the girls pay up to two guineas for board and lodging. True, there are hostels that charge only 30s., but most are full.

Or consider the women employed by the Lancashire collieries. They earn about three guineas a week (less, of course, if they are under twenty-one years old), and they, too, have only a few shillings left over for minor expenses.

★ ★ ★

Can they spend much on cigarettes and cosmetics? Can they be considered "well paid"?

No doubt some women workers are drawing substantial wage packets. But very few of the 91 per cent. of single women between eighteen and forty who are now in the Services or industry, very few of Britain's married women who also are helping their country maintain the greatest production rate in the world, are getting rich in the process!

J. E. T.

WHEN ADVICE SHOULD BE WELCOMED

THERE may be something fantastic in the suggestion of the Marriage Guidance Council that a young man and his sweetheart should go before a committee or a sort of medical board before marriage.

It is fantastic in the sense that Love cannot be expressed either in terms of mental compatibility or of physical fitness.

And it is fantastic, too, that one of the few remaining liberties left to man—that of choosing a wife or, more likely, that of being chosen as a husband—should be endangered by interference either by science or medicine

★ ★ ★

Yet the idea involves greater issues than that.

The right to marry is a fundamental one. It was recognised in tribal days before any "voice breathed o'er Eden." Marriage then was mating; its purpose the procreation of children.

To-day, marriage primarily is still, or should be, for the purpose of having children, and of bringing them up in as decent circumstances as our imperfect mode of life permits.

None will deny to the crippled, the infirm, the sickly, the right to marry. It is part of the human heritage and, provocative though the cases may seem, men and women, going into marriage with a knowledge of their partner's physical or mental shortcomings, are taking a horrible gamble.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

It is only when the question of children arises that the idea of pre-marriage guidance ceases to be fantastic, and becomes desirable.

I know of a hard-working woman whose husband is dying of consumption.

One child of the union has already died of the same disease. A second child is smitten. The woman did not know when she married that the man was suffering from T.B. It is too late to do anything. Her overburdened life is a succession of miseries and sorrows.

Unwittingly she has borne children only to see them wither and die.

In her life there has been no fulfilment. She has been robbed. Motherhood has been a tragic travesty.

★ ★ ★

Another lamentable case concerns a man and woman who married when each knew that the other suffered from epileptic fits.

These miserable creatures dared to produce children; passed on to them the horrible legacy of those fits. To-day, they whine about the unfairness of life, complain of the woes they suffer.

But they do not ask forgiveness for the sin of bringing into the world kiddies doomed to unhappiness and tears.

This is the ultimate sin. And here is a case not for guidance, but for sterilisation.

Normal couples need neither advice nor guidance when they decide to marry. But the cases I cite—and there must be thousands of similar cases in the country—are proof of the need for some sort of medical overhaul before banns are called.

OPEN LETTERS

The Home Guard is also on the offensive

Major-General Lord BRIDGEMAN,
Director-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—Not since the days of Dunkirk, when scrappy defences were manned by men carrying equally scrappy arms—remember the shot-guns and the Molotov cocktails?—has the Home Guard assumed such importance as it has to-day.

Out of the eager bands of inspired volunteers who threw up anti-tank staggers and built flimsy firing-points, has evolved a magnificently trained and well-equipped Army.

The force has survived many stupidities and many blunders, including the issue of the "Mein Pal" poster depicting Hitler congratulating the Home Guard absentee.

The time has now arrived for the Home Guard to show its worth. It is ready to counter enemy attempts to destroy vital communications and to sabotage supply lines.

It is a military "first-aid" corps ready to administer to any Nazi suicide squads arriving by air the sort of treatment not prescribed in any medical book.

None of the men who came keen and resolute to Britain's aid in her darkest hour nearly five years ago dreamed that the Home Guard would develop into an efficient militarised force.

Then there was a defensive complex, a determination to fight in town and country for every inch of British soil.

Now the Home Guard consists of offensive groups, well-armed, hard-hitting, and picked to keep Britain free from any possible interruption of essential services and supplies.

Training in new battle tactics and in the handling of modern weapons, some of them still on the secret list, fits the H.G. for what may prove its "finest hour."

Its responsibility is great; its part at this critical phase of the war cannot be discounted in the slightest; and the realisation of that rôle is apparent to every officer and man.

In terms of money it is the cheapest Army Britain has ever raised.

In terms of zeal and sacrifice it is the greatest civilian uprising in history. Its strength in fighting terms has not been fully measured.

But the things that counted four years ago, when Britain was virtually defenceless, a mote of defiance in the seas of Hitler's conquest, count with equal force to-day.

Home Guards know that. So does the country. And the country will not forget.—JOHN BULL.

Judge RAYMOND ROOPE REEVE,
Worcester County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—When you granted, reluctantly, it is true, an ejectment order against a seventy-five-year-old pensioner, you declared: "The world now is a world for the young, not the old."

I do not propose to discuss the merits of the case—you granted possession of the house to a young couple who wanted to have a home and a family—but I do venture to suggest that in these days of so-called equality age, as well as youth, is entitled to consideration and compassion.

Heaven knows the lot of youth is bad enough. It has been disrupted and pulverised and bludgeoned by the war. It has been torn from careers, families, homes. It has suffered and sorrowed and died. And it has carried valiantly through storm and battle the flag of Freedom.

For all these things we as a nation must show our gratitude in as practical and expressive a manner as possible. Yet it would be foolish to permit our sense of gratitude to blind us to other obligations.

I am all for youth. I want youth taking a greater part in the affairs of the nation. I want the voice of youth to be heard as a clarion-call throughout the land, ever urging us on to better life and living.

But the nation must not be forgetful of its duty towards our aged people.

No, your Honour, the world belongs to us all. Even youth cannot regard it solely as his hunting-ground.—JOHN BULL.

MARQUIS OF BRISTOL,
Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds

MY LORD,—By opposing the appoint ment in Suffolk of women police vo showed a marked lack of that wisdo which is supposed to come with age.

The best effort you could make at meeting of the West Suffolk Standin Joint Committee was: "Some want t put women in uniform to go abou swanking as police. You want men, no women."

Happily, the Committee turned dow your view and decided that women polic should be appointed.

Perhaps the members thought of th women "swanking" in overalls and dun garees in shipyards and munitions fac tories; of the girls "swanking" i A.T.S., W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F. uniform of the girls "swanking" in the Women' Land Army, "swanking" as bus con ductresses and railway porters, "swank ing" as nurses, and "swanking" in th W.V.S., the M.T.C.—in short, "swank ing" throughout the whole of this war.

Swank means swagger, or ostentatiou talk. Perhaps the swank has come fro you. Think it over.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. THISTLETHWAITE,
President, Harrogate Hotels Associatio

DEAR SIR,—I learned with some dismay that staff shortage in your pleasant bomb-free resort makes it difficult t serve hotel residents with breakfast i bed.

When I read of this scandalous stat of affairs I was tempted to approac Ernest Bevin and ask him what h meant by depriving Harrogate hotels o the labour necessary to maintain thi service so essential to the war effort.

Second thoughts prevailed.

Perhaps Mr. Bevin may want to kno why *any* Harrogate hotels are so we staffed and that *any* resident can hav breakfast in bed!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDGAR M. GOLDING,
Sec., Property Owners' Protection Ass

DEAR SIR,—Your picture of poverty stricken landlords, some of whom yo say are "destitute by the time they hav paid 10s. income tax and 2s. war damag contribution," arouses in me pity an fear—pity that property owners ar driven to live on public assistance, an fear that your plea for an increase o 33⅓ per cent. in the rents of "controlled houses should be granted by Lor Ridley's Committee.

You cite cases of men earning £5 week who pay only 24s. a week for ren and you suggest that such a man coul afford to pay 32s. a week.

It is your case that the cost of repair has risen 100 per cent. since 1939 an that most of the 8s. in the £ left aft meeting tax and war damage contribu tions is swallowed by repair costs.

I admit that some small propert owners are badly hit. But you in tur must admit that the "vested interests of property, the companies that contro vast blocks of luxury flats, are doing rea well, thank you!

It seems to me that the real grievanc of your members is the fact that the are not free as they once were to ex ploit the public; and to rid themselve of any possible economic fears.

What amazes me is that proper owners carry on, living in poverty, an losing money, when there is open t them the simple solution of selling out.

Property values are high. Why do th landlords keep on suffering losses th can well avoid? Is there an answer. do we need a Property Brains Trust?—JOHN BULL.

★ Even though great armies are about to move into battle, isolated outposts will remain—and now is the—

Time to Salute the Lonely Soldier

ONCE there was a time—although it seems incredible to-day—when our gallant men of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force called themselves bitterly "The Men England Forgot."

That was before they got a chance to drive Rommel and his armies into the sea, when communication with them had to be carried on over thousands of miles of U-boat infested ocean, and they seemed as remote from us as the moon.

It did truly seem to them, then, that they had been dumped ashore in some outlandish part of the world and mislaid.

But now they have won their glory. The world to-day reads every printed word of what they do. We are as conversant with their mode of life as we are with that of the fine fellows we see around us who are keyed up and waiting to invade.

They are forgotten men no longer.

Ice and Heat

But think—this far-flung British Army of ours is an army on which the sun never sets.

Thousands of its men freeze in Arctic winds so violent that they make you walk backwards when you try to make progress against them.

Thousands more endure tropical heat so murderous that corned beef is something you pour out of a tin.

We still have our men whom England Tends To Forget, scattered in hundreds of armies big and small all over the globe.

And to minimise the danger of their being forgotten you are going to come with me on a world-wide tour of inspection of them.

We are in East Africa. . . .

Have you ever heard of a *khamsin*? It is the name given to a terribly hot wind like the breath of a fiery oven.

A *khamsin* will blow you down instantly, and you lie soaked in perspiration and gasping for breath.

A peep at Ceylon. . . .

Your billet here would be a small hut made of watertight coconut leaves with mosquito nets for doors and windows.

Surrounded by dense jungle, you would have monkeys, elephants, peacocks, jackals and poisonous snakes as constant companions.

True you would get butter, eggs and bacon in your rations, and when leave came round you would probably enjoy a brief taste of civilisation in Colombo—so long as you had enough money to pay the black market prices of the local taxi-drivers and rickshaw coolies.

Whiskered!

Now torrid Iraq. . . .

Oh, yes. You can go to the pictures in Bagdad. But hear a soldier's view of them:

"There's a shortage of razor blades here," he says. "All the boys say they've been cornered by the Bagdad cinema proprietors, who use them to shave the whiskers off the films!

"To give you an idea, one of the 'forthcoming attractions' is 'King Kong.'"

The vastness and desolation of Iraq and neighbouring Persia can scarcely be conceived by those accustomed to Western civilisation.

Towns are separated by a hundred miles, and here our men are guarding the oil pipelines and the aid-to-Russia route to the Caucasus, which is the scene of a continuous procession of Studebaker lorries driven by Persian and Russian transport workers.

The cities are foul-smelling, ridden with disease, and devoid of sanitation.

In Teheran, for example, one can only get a glass of clean water at the British Legation.

Time has stood still here; the roads are nothing but deep-rutted bullock tracks, centuries old.

Winter in Persia means torrential rain, violent gales and snowstorms of the utmost severity. Summer offers extreme heat and drought, with constant sandstorms and furnace-like winds blowing from the Persian Gulf.

Outside the towns the terrain is nothing but arid desert, huge boulders, craggy rocks and salt lakes that are hostile to all forms of life.

After a downpour of rain the mud makes transport impossible, and sometimes a camp will be completely deluged, even though no rain has fallen—result of sudden cloudbursts without any warning in the mountainous parts.

Fellows stationed here are doing one of the toughest jobs of the war.

True, they are not at present fighting—at least, they are not fighting human enemies; but their foes, in the shape of centipedes, scorpions and huge white ants are numerous and menacing enough.

Jackal Serenade

Even if we ignore the perpetual danger of sandfly fever, malaria, jaundice and dysentery, life with the Paiforce is still pretty grim.

When the jackals and hyenas let them the men sleep in tents.

Now the Faroes. . . .

Up in those lonely islands far north of the Shetlands there are small parties of men conducting three- and four-day patrols between the scattered townships of nearly twenty islands.

How they laughed when a visiting official coolly asked for a taxi to take him across an island that didn't even possess a bridle-track!

Between the islands there is a constant sea traffic. Food, mail, fuel and equipment have to be ferried to the distant out-stations.

The small Faroes fleet consists mainly of Norwegian fishing vessels that have carried men and women away from their occupied homeland. Winds are fierce, seas rough, and tides strong.

A man stationed in the Faroes has to be a Jack-of-all-trades—sailor, carpenter, mountaineer, bridge-builder and road-maker. His chief form of amusement is to help the natives with their whale fishing.

Very different, the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic. They get only four mails a year.

The men stationed there haven't seen a tree since their arrival.

Here is unimaginable loneliness. Duties consist of patrolling the damp, misty coasts and standing guard at isolated points.

When they can get to Stanley (this is the most important town, yet its population numbers only 900) the men have access to a public library.

A cinema projector and some films were sent out earlier in the war, but performances are not even up to Bagdad standards.

Our last peep—we could give many more—must be at that vast desert line which extends from Bagdad to Cairo and again from Cairo right the way across the North African desert to Algiers.

All the way are telegraph communications that must be guarded, patrolled and maintained.

Every thirty or forty miles there is a tiny encampment of Royal Corps of Signals men standing guard and effecting repairs anywhere along the line.

Here is unimaginable loneliness—day in day out

Grey, Not Gold

Day in and day out they see nothing but the same faces and the same desert scene. Twice a week the supply lorry arrives.

At some points the heat can be so tremendous that a fan—even an electric fan, if you could plug-in such a thing—would, by stirring up the torturingly hot air, simply make you feel hotter.

And talk of the golden sands of the desert, so often referred to by lyrical song-writers—there are often thousands of invisible germs in a teaspoon of the filthy grey stuff which blows into your ears, eyes, everywhere.

In our tour we have seen just a few of the scattered fronts where the British Tommy is to be found, fighting battles that never cease, battles waged not directly against Hitler, maybe, but against all the sudden perils of disease, poisonous reptiles, the wild creatures of desert and jungle, and, above all, the insidious, paralysing demon of boredom and loneliness.

Let us salute him—and certainly never forget him.

Wartime Smuggling Pays Big Dividends

VERY careful watch is kept on everyone entering Britain—yet there are still some people willing to risk almost certain discovery by trying to smuggle valuables into the country.

But the Customs Department, one of the smartest in the world, rarely allows anything to miss its eagle eye.

A typical example was the capture of those who attempted to smuggle lighter parts into Britain. Other goods in short supply are often carried by people hoping to make some profit "on the side."

★ ★ ★

The Germans, in an effort to lessen our blockade, are continually seeking the services of neutrals who are willing to smuggle to the Reich certain goods and precious stones in short supply.

Diamonds, for machine tools, are high on Hitler's list of essentials, and the Nazis offer special fees for running the blockade with these jewels. Some men place them in toothpaste—an old trick our men know all too well—and even in hollow teeth.

The great care taken by some to defeat British blockade officials has shown much thought—but the quick-eyed search-parties of the Royal Navy are rarely duped.

On one occasion a vessel suspected of carrying diamonds for the enemy was stopped and searched. Although the search-party examined every part of the ship they could find nothing.

Then a rating noticed the ancient desk in the captain's cabin—and he thought it strange that such an old piece of furniture should have new brass screws.

He mentioned this to his officer, a screwdriver was brought, and the "neutral" captain realised that the game was up. Behind the screws thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds were found.

On another occasion a search-party noticed that drums containing paste were more than normally heavy. They reported the fact to their officer.

He investigated—and Germany went short of much valuable platinum, for there were false bottoms on the drums which carried the precious metal now in so short supply in the Reich.

Manganese is another essential for the German war machine. Having lost the valuable mines in Russia, they have been forced to rely even more upon Spain and Japan. Both are closely watched by the sea and air forces of the United Nations.

★ ★ ★

Until a few months ago Hitler used to glory in the large number of busts of himself that were being exported to his allies as well as the occupied countries. It was not until the gang had ceased their work that the Gestapo discovered that they had been using these busts to carry out of the countries many valuables upon which they would have had to pay high duty!

But then, though smuggling can be punished by death in Germany, the Nazi leaders take full advantage of it and stock their wardrobe and pantry with smuggled luxuries.

They'd never succeed in Britain!

FRANKLIN ADAMS.

Fire Over the

★ **Japan must soon make up her mind to come out and fight or surrender her South Pacific empire**

By A. G. GARDINER

WHILE the net is closing in on Public Enemy No. 1, events are moving to a climax also against Public Enemy No. 2. If Hitler is being rounded up in the West, Tojo is no less surely being brought to book in the East.

Indeed, the scales have turned against Japan in the Pacific war more quickly than they have turned against Germany in the Atlantic war.

Tojo came into the war when Germany was at the zenith of her might, when the whole continent of Europe was at her feet, and when, outside Britain, her ultimate victory was regarded as certain.

Like Hitler, even more than Hitler, Tojo gambled recklessly on the lightning war for which Japan had been preparing for ten years.

Again like Hitler, he aimed at waging his war on enemy territory, so far from home that Japan herself could never be in trouble.

* * *

The early successes of the Japanese were even more sensational than those of Hitler. The blitzkrieg swept everything before it like an avalanche. There was no Battle of Britain to halt it.

In six months the Japanese were masters of the Pacific, of the whole eastern coast of Asia, and of the East Indies. Their navy burst into the Indian Ocean, and the fate of India, Australia, even the Suez, seemed to hang in the balance.

In those astounding days I took comfort in two reflections. One was that the world was far too big a mouthful to be gulped down in this preposterous fashion.

The other was that the sea communications of Japan were so fatally extended that in the end she would perish from her own successes.

In snatching at too many assets Japan was enormously increasing her liabilities. She had bitten off more than she could chew.

* * *

And that is what is now in process of happening. It is conceivable that the gamble might have come off if Hitler could have got through to the Middle East by way of the Caucasus and the Suez, and Tojo could have linked up with him by way of the Persian Gulf.

But when this dream vanished, both Hitler and Tojo had shot their bolt and were doomed to isolation and defeat.

Stalingrad and El Alamein sounded the death-knell of Tojo as inexorably as that of Hitler.

Left to wage war alone, the weaknesses of Japan's position became apparent. Her chief battlegrounds were the myriad islands of the South Pacific with which the only means of supply was by thousands of miles of sea.

This meant that Japan had to have permanent dominion of the air and the sea. The treachery of Pearl Harbour and the tragic episode of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* had given her the temporary balance of power at sea.

But it was only temporary. The miracles of production performed by the Americans soon redressed the balance, and with the

The war in the East is primarily one of sea-power—British aircraft carriers are ready to finish the job

collapse of Italy the British Navy based on India became once more a power in the Pacific.

* * *

And meanwhile, something else had happened. In modern war, command of the sea is dependent on command of the air. And America had snatched this command from Japan.

In the battles of the Coral Sea, Midway Island, the Bismarck Archipelago, and the rest, the Americans established so overwhelming a dominion of the skies that Japanese air power has practically ceased to exist.

Before this deadly spearhead the defensive system of the Japanese in the South Pacific is crumbling like sand castles on the seashore.

Japan's communications are shattered, and in New Guinea and elsewhere great armies which were assembled for the invasion of Australia are cut off and doomed to destruction.

From the Kuriles in the north to the Solomons in the south the wave of vengeance for Pearl Harbour is rolling in upon the enemy. Japan is no longer mistress of the Pacific, either in the air or on the surface of the sea.

So far she has not dared to expose her Grand Fleet to the decision of battle. But she cannot delay much longer. She must come out and fight or make up her mind to the surrender of her whole South Pacific empire.

Moreover, the longer she delays the worse her prospect at sea becomes. Already the British Navy is there in force, and every day the terrific productive power of America is increasing the balance of sea power and air power against her.

She has one advantage—the interior position. She can strike right or left, against

Leningrad's Half Million Victory

IN the foyer of the Hall of Columns of the House of Trade Unions I recently talked with Alexandra Kozlyaninova, chairman of the Leningrad Regional Committee of the trade union for low-current electrical services workers.

★ ★ ★

This young, fair-haired woman was wearing a medal "For the Defence of Leningrad" pinned to her jacket—for courageous work during the long months of siege.

The story of how she saved the life of her husband in those days is an inspiring one. He was a technician at the Leningrad power station and was doomed to death from starvation.

"Would you like to know what saved him?" Kozlyaninova asked. "Following the advice of one of the doctors, I gave him a plentiful supply of fresh greens and vegetables."

"But how did you manage that?" I asked. "It was winter and the city was in the ring of the blockade."

"I started a vegetable patch in my own apartment," she explained.

"I ripped up some old furniture cases, dug some earth from beneath the snow, warmed it and got some onion and beet seed. The rooms were sunny and the plants sprouted quickly. Soon I was able to add vegetables to my husband's food ration."

Every worker in the trade union regional committee, following her example, hastened to start "apartment" vegetable growing.

In the Spring the movement assumed a much wider character.

Unused plots of land were distributed to those who wanted to grow their own vegetables

The main streets, as w
plots of land, were used
growing. The lawns of
Prospect were allotted to
in the neighbourhood. The
of Trade Union Boulevard
workers in the House of
Alexandra Kozlyaninova
them.

With the help of has
pulleys, the people of Leni
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divided it into beds and, by
their seeds.

★ ★

"In the summer," Kozl
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Leningrad was sown with
"As you know," she w
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the blockade. But the 'ga
most helpful to each other

Pacific

Admiral Somerville in the Indian Ocean, or against Admiral Nimitz in the Pacific.

But wherever she strikes she cannot escape the unchallengeable air supremacy of the Allies. And what that supremacy means in a naval engagement Midway Island and the Bismarck Archipelago have sufficiently demonstrated.

* * *

The main difference between the war in the West and the war in the East is that the first is primarily a war of land power, and the second of sea power.

When the Japanese sea power is destroyed, Tojo's number will be up.

The Japanese armies will be marooned on the islands, in the jungle, far from home, to be starved out or mopped up at leisure.

Japan herself, without a navy to defend her, will be helpless before the prodigious air and sea power that will be unloosed against her when the hour to strike directly at the island kingdom has come.

But though the war with Japan is primarily an affair of the sea, the struggle on land will have its part in hastening "the kills"

In this phase of the war we have had many disappointments, chiefly due to the loss of Burma, and especially of the Burma road into China. Robbed of that means of transport, the immense resources of China in manpower have been largely neutralised.

We cannot look for an early removal of this handicap, but after the monsoon we may expect things to happen.

The threat to India is no longer serious. Our men have learned the technique of jungle warfare, and our paratroop landings behind the enemy lines, together with the activities of General Stilwell's force, have upset the whole scheme of the Japanese in North Burma.

In addition, Admiral Somerville's attack on Sabang foreshadows serious trouble for them far in the rear. That trouble will be aggravated as American sea and air power make deeper inroads into the Japanese communications.

It is reasonable to expect that by the autumn the Burma knot will be untied and the potentialities of China released.

And if by then the Japanese fleet has been brought to action and defeated the chapter opened at Pearl Harbour should be speedily closed over Tokyo.

Gardens Grow

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"If one went to weed, he did his neighbour's patch also. The latter reciprocated next time.

"If the vegetable plots belonging to one plant were unsuccessful, the workers of a neighbouring factory would come to help."

"How many Leningraders have their own vegetable plots?"

"About half a million families now. One woman from the Svetlana plant harvested 400 kilograms of potatoes and 228 kilograms of carrots from her allotment. I only had a tiny plot of 100 square metres, but I managed to harvest over 100 kilograms of potatoes, the same amount of cabbage and small quantities of other vegetables.

"And these victory gardens," she ended with a touch of fire, "helped enormously to smash the Nazi hunger ring."

K. ISAYEV.

Women cheerfully help to keep the wheels turning under difficulties

Unseen Fascism and Strikes

By Hannen Swaffer

THERE is danger to democracy in the Strike Regulation. More than that, it should remind us of the phrase "unseen Fascism," which G. B. S. used, in warning, in my famous interview with him four months ago.

He saw the Corporate State looming up, he said, even while we talked about "democracy."

The Corporate State is one in which groups, such as workers and industrialists, are represented in a legislative chamber which, in reality, is in no way controlled by the electorate.

Now, suddenly, because a few scatterbrain Trotskyites had been inciting trouble among the younger miners and the shipyard apprentices, we have seen imposed—and in the middle of a great war for human freedom—an Order by means of which the Government, after it had consulted the British Employers' Federation and the Trade Union Council, gave itself powers under which anyone inciting a strike or a lock-out could be sent to penal servitude for five years!

No, Parliament was not consulted!

SECRET AGREEMENT

Certain members of the Cabinet consulted certain leaders of the workers and certain representatives of the employers, and then, because they said "Yes," went nearer to Fascism than anything we have known.

Frankly, what does this mean?

In a few words, there are now 22,000,000 workers, and of these only 9,000,000 are trade unionists. The other 13,000,000 were in no way represented at this secret conclave.

As for the 9,000,000 trade unionists, their leaders, who had been chosen for other purposes and not for this, entered, without asking their leave, into a secret agreement which curtails the future actions of every worker in the land.

As for the employers, only a small minority were represented. The rest knew nothing about it!

No one can advocate, or indeed side with, strikes in war time. But, on the other hand, it must be recognised that strikes never happen without a reason.

And many war time strikes start because trade unions have now become so large in their operation, and so vast in their membership, that they can no longer please all sections of their members. More, they cannot consult them.

LACK OF TACT

Besides, the office work entailed in them because of their size is so unwieldy that trade union leaders who should be in touch with the men are engaged in routine business, correspondence conferences, arbitrations. . . .

A week or two ago there was a bus strike in London, one which should not have happened if the Transport and General Workers' Union, of which, in peace time, Ernest Bevin is the head, had acted with foresight. Nor should we have heard of any trouble if the employers had been tactful.

New summertime schedules were introduced, some with spreadovers so long that, instead of the men working a normal eight hours, they found that they were to be kept hanging about for as long as twelve or thirteen hours. Three hours' work was often followed by two and a half hours off duty, too short a time for the men and the girls to get home and back. Then, perhaps after two hours' work, they had one hour off!

One driver who lived in the Chipstead Valley had to get up at three in the morning to reach Hanwell by five, and then spend the day on a spreadover turn that lasted from about six in the morning until seven or eight at night. Then he did not get home again until about ten p.m.

Another man writes me that after he and his mates had agreed to work longer and more spreadovers last year, the summer schedule was accepted and worked without trouble.

"Since then, however, the Brains Department of the London Passenger Transport Board's office got to work to see where and how they could squeeze in a few more minutes, and get a bit more mileage out of the already fed-up and worn-out platform staffs.

IN A BAD TEMPER

"In consequence, men and women who kept the vehicles running all through the Blitz and the women who were once called 'heroines doing men's work' are now condemned for protesting against worse conditions in the only way that could make someone sit up and take notice.

"Nearly every time the L.P.T.B. alters the times and duties there is trouble somewhere. Is it not time the Minister of War Transport, and the public, asked why it should be so?

"If the Minister wants to test the strain of the job, let him get a member of his staff, or his wife or daughter, to test it out for a few months."

In some cases, I am told, women had been asked to do the work of two men, and some had fainted on the job.

When asked, "Don't you think it wrong to strike on the eve of the Second Front?" the reply was made, "If the Second Front started, we strikers would be back at work like a shot. We only know we have been exploited since the war began."

Now the remedy for this sort of trouble is not the threat of five years' penal servitude for any man or girl who starts to protest about it. The right remedy is an immediate removal of the cause of the grievance.

"I would shoot them," said a brigadier to me when, the other night, he heard an M.P. saying that the Strike Order looked like the beginning of Fascism.

"How many would you shoot?" I asked. "I thought you wanted their labour, not their dead bodies."

Then, as for the trouble in the pits, Will Lawther, the miners' president, warns us that more trouble is coming—that the coalowners who deliberately tried to delay the signing of the new pit pact did so, when their mutterings failed to overcome the Minister, in the worst possible temper, and then refused to be photographed signing it with the men's leaders!

MINERS REMEMBER

Frankly, will the Strike Order and its threat of five years' penal servitude for workers prevent another outbreak if the owners are in that mood?

A few weeks ago the result of the Greene arbitration was hailed with glee. Then there was high praise for the Porter Award. Soon, however, strikes had spread.

"The much-vaunted Porter Award is a farce because the number of miners benefiting by it is infinitesimal," writes a Yorkshire reader. "In most collieries only bricklayers, fitters and electricians gain any benefit at all.

"By a stroke of the pen the basic pay they earn, in war-time, can be put back to where it was pre-1938. The miners realise this; they also realise that if they cannot improve their position now they never will.

"The miner has not forgotten the result of the General Strike, and he realises that if conditions are to be improved action has to be taken while coal is a commodity to bargain with."

That sort of grievance will not be remedied by threats of penal servitude. Such threats, indeed, will only make those workers who suspect there is one law for the rich and another for the poor ask, 'When is *one* employer to be sent to prison?'

Besides, when shall other Orders be imposed—behind the back of Parliament and "by arrangement" with bodies that do not represent us all?

In such possibility lies danger to all our institutions!

This Week's Short Story

Thirty Years Ago

By Will Scott

★

At one minute to four his name was being taken up to her room

Georgina Watts, newly widowed, to find a little house in town.

MRS. CUXLEY PYKE, like some hundreds of thousands of other people, could not stand the English climate.

But whereas the hundreds of thousands of other people have to bear it—and if possible grin and bear it—Mrs. Cuxley Pyke could, up to a point, do as she liked, owing to the fortunate circumstances of Mr. Cuxley Pyke.

For Mr. Cuxley Pyke was not merely Mr. Cuxley Pyke. He was *the* Mr. Cuxley Pyke.

No painter of our generation has made more money out of his pictures than Mr. Cuxley Pyke, and he could only tell for certain what he was worth by adding up a lot of figures in a number of books, which never seemed to him to be worth the time.

Certainly it came to a very exciting total, which was why Mrs. Cuxley Pyke could, up to a point, live where she liked, and why now she was expressing very strongly a desire to live again in her native Virginia where, twenty-five years or more ago, Mr. Cuxley Pyke had first found her.

Up to a point. . . . For Mr. Cuxley Pyke had never been an uprooter, and he was as reluctant now to exchange their quiet London square for far-away Virginia as he had been two or three years before to exchange far-away Virginia for their quiet London Square.

First he had thought himself settled in far-away Virginia for life. Then he had thought himself settled in the quiet London square for life. It was Mrs. Cuxley Pyke who had wanted to see London. It was Mrs. Cuxley Pyke who had at last seen enough of it.

"But all this dashing about is so wearing," Mr. Cuxley Pyke protested. "This happens to have been a bad season and *everybody's* under the weather. Look here, my dear, you go down to Torquay or somewhere for a month or so, and when I get this one-man show over, if you're still in the same frame of mind, we can talk about it."

So down to Torquay Mrs. Cuxley Pyke went, and Mr. Cuxley Pyke, in his easy-going way, forgot all about the matter and trusted that Mrs. Cuxley Pyke would do the same.

And down from Edinburgh came Mrs. Georgina Watts, newly widowed, to find a little house in town.

Mr. Augustus Pepper, the prominent estate and house agent, was careful to point out that the neighbourhood was of the most select, and the little house which he was offering one of the most select in the select neighbourhood.

He was at pains to list the eminent and near eminent people who were more than satisfied with the district—"including Mr. Cuxley Pyke."

Mrs. Georgina Watts looked surprised. Nay, she looked startled.

"The painter?" she asked—and got the amazing answer.

"But I thought he lived in America," she said.

"Did," agreed Mr. Augustus Pepper. "His wife is, of course, American. But they have been here for the better part of a year, and are very well satisfied."

"I knew Mr. Pyke," said Mrs. Georgina Watts, "quite a long time ago."

And she showed a great deal more interest in the little house than she had done up to that moment.

"I like it," she said. "I like it very much. I will let you know within a week. As soon as I have made all my arrangements."

So that Mr. Augustus Pepper was saved the trouble of telling the usual string of tales that were the shop-window of his colourful career.

He rubbed his hands and smiled and was well satisfied with his quarter of an hour's work. And he bowed gracefully and went away and talked. And the talk, as talk will, got around; so that before the end of the day Mr. Cuxley Pyke knew that Mrs. Georgina Watts was staying in the sunset-coloured hotel not half a mile away.

And what strange things this almost-casual information did to Mr. Cuxley Pyke! The first of which was to send his memory and his imagination trotting hand in hand together down a misty lane nearly thirty years long.

Georgina!

He could see her as she was before Sanderson Watts came along and did the talking at which he himself had always been such a poor hand in those early days; before Sanderson Watts married her and took her away to Scotland and to an eminence which then it had seemed unlikely that an obscure painter would ever be able to offer any woman.

Georgina. . . .

With her strange pale face and her curling black hair and her trim, gaily-stepping figure. There had been something about Georgina. . . .

There had been little enough about himself, all that time ago.

He had gone home and written his thoughts to her, but before the postman could reach her with them Sanderson Watts had turned up to say his piece; and all the tenderness in Georgina's reply was between the brief lines.

He had never seen her since.

But for nearly thirty years he had had a dimming vision of her, and not all the success, not all the fame and the dollars, could wipe it out.

It was with mellow feelings that he thought of her now.

He realised that always, now in a greater, now in a lesser degree, Georgina had been at the back of his career, an invisible inspiration, her strange pale face encouraging him, her curling black hair blowing in the wind as she walked beside him, unseen by anyone else.

He knew all at once that they must meet. Now they could meet, on easy, passionless grounds.

GEORGINA. . . . He was no longer in love with her.

It wasn't that. There could be no danger in their meeting. But he was in love, and told himself he always would be, with a memory.

So he wrote to her at the sunset-coloured hotel.

Her reply was brief. She would be delighted to see him. Thursday at four o'clock?

And so at one minute to four his name was being taken up to her room in the sunset-coloured hotel, and at four o'clock to the second they met.

He did not realise at first that it was their meeting. A stout little woman was in front of him, a red-faced little woman with grey hair which seemed to want to start out at all angles; an untidyish, sagging woman; a *wheezing* woman.

He put her down as a companion or a housekeeper.

Then she spoke.

"Cuxley! Well! well!"

It was Georgina!

For a second he did not speak. He was too astounded. He had the upsetting feeling that a tall, white tower had toppled over and come down at his side into a pile of unsightly white stones. Then he took her hand.

"Georgina!"

"Well! well!" said Georgina. "And now you're the *great* Cuxley Pyke! And we never saw that coming, did we? Well! well!"

He *wished* she wouldn't say "Well! well!" And he *wished* she wouldn't wheeze. His heart began to pound. Great heavens!—she was nearly as broad as she was long. . . .

"Seems like yesterday, doesn't it?" said Georgina.

As if (he reflected) any woman could be so mad as to think that *this* seemed like yesterday!

And her skin was so awful, although the powder was laid on a mile deep. And why did she grin? Couldn't she smile?

"I've followed your career," she said. "Really, you could have knocked me down with a feather!"

("Original thing to say!" thought Mr. Cuxley Pyke.)

"Thought you'd settled in America for good," said Georgina. "And then you turn up over here again. Well! well!"

(Continued on next page)

HUMAN MACHINE

You Can't Improve on the Great Athenian!

● Even the briefest of glances at the history of the human race makes us wonder what on earth we have to be proud about. If there is any lesson at all to be learned from it, it is that we have a very great deal to learn, and that we should try our very hardest to improve.

Life, in some form, has existed on the earth for something like twelve-hundred-million years. Man as a distinct species has existed for certainly no longer than one million years. Civilised man has been known for fewer than nine thousand years.

There has, in fact, been very little civilisation in the world, and very few civilised peoples.

Millions of years don't mean much. If we reckon the whole past history of living creatures on the earth as one-hundred years, then, in comparison, the whole past of man works out at about one month!

In the Golden Age of Athens, nearly 2,000 years ago, the great statesman Pericles described the civilisation of the Athenians in this way:

"Our laws secure equal justice for all in their private disputes, and our public opinion welcomes and honours talent in every branch of achievement not for any sectional reason, but on the grounds of excellence alone. We give free play to all in our public life.

"We have no black looks or angry words for our neighbour if he enjoys himself in his own way. We acknowledge the restraint of reverenced. We are lovers of beauty without extravagance and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. We secure our friends not by accepting favours but by doing them."

Can you beat that to-day as a way of thought and a way of life? Can we even come up to that way of thought and that way of life to-day?

Inner Power

IT is within us all—that cure for false despair, that remedy for restlessness, that antidote for care. That healing power for wounds, which left so often sends that faith to still go on, though wounded by our friends.

It is within us all—the patience that presides over the changing flotsam flung up by life's tides. And if we'll only draw upon these Inner Things we'll find, and keep, the treasure that peace within us brings.

IT is within us all—that wondrous silent power which shines above all fears and helps us through each hour, however fraught with pain, or heavy and cruel to bear. It is within us all that spark that God put there.—J. M.

("She never *used* to say 'Well! well!'" thought Mr. Cuxley Pyke.)

He found it almost impossible to say anything. He wished she wouldn't move about the room. He remembered (but so dimly at last!) her old trim, gaily stepping figure. And now she rolled. . . .

He wondered how he could get away quickly without seeming rude.

"You're house-hunting I hear," he said stupidly.

To which she said nothing, which infuriated him, though he was careful not to let it show.

It was (and he knew it) the worst tragedy in his career. The old Georgina had not died. That would have been bad enough, but it would have been normal. She had vanished as in the twinkling of an eye, and that was abnormal; it was eerie.

HE wondered how he was going to bear having this shapeless, over-coloured, untidy, wheezing creature for a neighbour; this unwanted stranger with her everlasting "Well! well!" And he knew in the same instant that he *wasn't!*

They talked about the weather, and the way taxation was going up, and how unfriendly hotels can be, and a dozen other things that he would have found more interesting coming from a 'bus conductor.

Then she said—pushing one of her rat-tails of grey hair back into place—something about tea.

It was Mr. Cuxley Pyke's chance.

"Well, not *to-day*," he said. "Picture to finish, you know. Never get a minute to myself, or so it seems. But I had to call."

"Well! well!" said Georgina.

Somehow he got away. He spent an hour in his studio pulling himself together. And then he took the first train to Torquay.

"I've been thinking," he said to Mrs. Cuxley Pyke, "about what you were saying the other day. I believe it's a good idea. Just what I'm wanting to buck me up. We'll get the tickets for U.S.A. to-morrow."

And, in Edinburgh, Mrs. Georgina Watts was saying to a bosom friend:

"No, my dear. I shan't take a house in London after all. I met one of my first loves there, and I just can't run the risk of meeting him every other day. My dear, I'd go mad!"

"What," asked the friend, "was wrong?"

"Everything, my dear," Mrs. Georgina Watts answered. "He's not only gone fifty, but he looks it. I can't remember how what he looked like all those years ago, but he's pot-bellied and red-faced and blinky-eyed and *bald*. It was all I could do to talk to him. Well! well!"

And, somewhat short-tempered over the matter, Mr. Augustus Pepper, the prominent estate and house agent, has two desirable properties on his hands, if you should be thinking of settling in that neighbourhood.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

DANGER—LIVE AMMUNITION!

THERE'S one place only for the mountains of ammunition we have stored up to bring the Nazis to their knees.

It is not where children play.

It is not where unauthorised or woolly-headed people have access.

It is in the armouries of the nation, into or out of which it should be checked with a maximum of care and caution.

That this is not happening is proved by the sickening succession of fatal accidents befalling Servicemen and civilians alike—which have taken particularly heavy toll of young children who don't recognise lethal weapons at sight.

That this carelessness in handling weapons and explosives alike is a danger to every one of us is proved by a case that has earned all too little attention in the national Press.

We were told how a party of para-troops went out along the banks of the Avon Valley Canal to fire at floating tins and pieces of wood with live ammunition.

Open Verdict

They were off duty when they turned this pleasant rural scene into a miniature battleground.

One of them, Private Albert Crisp, suddenly staggered, said: "I am done for. Write to Dora," collapsed and died.

I have gone deeper into the facts of this case.

Unbelievably enough, there were civilians near when this mad escapade was in progress.

Among people on a near-by bridge were children who had been picnicking at that spot.

You might wonder why they didn't make off at the first shot.

But how many people would assume, on seeing soldiers firing across a waterway for the fun of the thing, that they would be using live ammunition—or even that they would be able to get live ammunition for such a purpose?

How came it that those men were able to get live ammunition from their unit without producing any sort of requisition form duly authorised and signed by an officer—and apparently in what quantity they liked?

The coroner, finding gross negligence was apparent, hoped the matter would be thrashed out by a military tribunal.

Serious accidents can happen at Army training schools

The inquiry should go beyond this. It should aim at closing all leakage not only from one particular unit but from every armoury where ammunition is kept.

Equally unsatisfactory was the affair at Blackpool which led to the death of Corporal W. T. Gornall during an ammunition exercise.

Nothing but blank ammunition was supposed to be used—yet the coroner, who returned an open verdict, was quite satisfied that this unfortunate soldier died as a result of a bullet wound.

Even at an Army training school a young soldier was killed by live ammunition although an Army Council Regulation of months before had laid it down that not a single round of live ammunition should be used in such an exercise.

Then there are the many deaths due to grenade accidents.

Official inquiries have shown that they have been due both to carelessness by the soldiers under instruction and bad training by the instructors.

It has been established that some men have actually fed the grenades into the discharge-cups of the rifles wrong end first!

Most of the fatalities with which the public have become familiar have concerned people—mainly children—who have stumbled across bombs and similar killing devices left behind after exercises.

What can have happened to the official regulations which lay down that the number of explosions plus the number of projectiles left unexploded must add up to the number of bombs taken out of store?

An unusual case concerned a party of boys who came across a metal canister after soldiers had finished an exercise.

One lad was temporarily blinded. Another was badly blistered on both hands and body. The mother of a third boy—calling at the police station for her son—developed blisters on her throat.

All the lads had been contaminated with mustard gas.

Such cases aren't really uncommon.

War is Enough!

Some Surrey boys found a tin of whitish powder left behind by troops, stirred the material with a stick—as a result of which one of them died of mustard gas poisoning.

War is a deadly enough business without accidents such as these.

If the regulations are properly kept, and supervision were as thorough as it ought to be, they couldn't possibly happen.

So let us have an inquiry into the whole subject of care of ammunition. It will pay dividends in human lives.

Lawyers Without the Law

A NEATLY dressed man of about seventy, whose appearance was immaculate and his manner convincing, called on a woman reader a few weeks ago and told her he was a solicitor engaged on special work "for the Probate Division."

Giving his name as Mr. John Clark and posing with an address at Somerset House, he said he was inquiring about the whereabouts of nine brothers and sisters bearing my reader's name. All were due to inherit large sums of money under the will of an overseas farmer who had died intestate.

Unless the nine people were found and could provide evidence to prove their claims, the State would seize the money at the end of a stipulated period.

★ ★ ★

Of course, he was quite satisfied that my reader was one of the lucky beneficiaries; and so confidingly did he outline to her his knowledge of the Probate laws that he departed with nearly £5 as his "preliminary fees for taking the necessary action" in her case.

I've found that this old rascal has been doing the same sort of thing for years, chiefly in the alias of "Lawyer Sharpe," and through the medium of about thirty aliases and quite as many mythical addresses.

He always uses common surnames—Burke, Jones, Gordon, Graham, Scott, Spencer, etc.—for obvious reasons.

Quite a number of bogus lawyers have been operating lately.

★ ★ ★

Only the other day I heard about one who was calling on the wives and relatives of Servicemen and, pretending the latter were in trouble with the police and needed help, and that he had been "briefed" to defend them, wheedled considerable sums from dupes who have since found that the Servicemen in question still had their "good character" records untarnished.

Such rogues are careful to select as victims people who have never had to consult a solicitor and therefore do not know anything about proper legal methods.

If anyone calls upon you without an appointment, telling tales or employing tactics of the kind described, go straight to your local police chief and tell him all about it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. A. Evans, St. James's Road, Salford, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters concerning any suspected scandal or ramp are investigated in confidence if the facts warrant it. Address: JOHN BULL, *93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

Plan to Steal Trade

WE are told that everything will be done by radio after this war, that some sort of "Magic Eye" will be at the disposal of navigating officers and helmsmen in our post-war ships.

Well, an all-seeing eye is already needed by British statesmen whose duty it is to watch and ward the vital interests of a sea-girt nation like ours.

In Germany to-day big industrialists are concentrating *first* on producing a new merchant fleet for the peace!

★ ★ ★

Secretly, the Nazis have made plans to win the peace—and mainly at the expense of British shipowners, British manufacturers, British exporters, and seamen.

At a German naval shipyard, hitherto concerned only with warship construction and repair, the construction of a giant new trans-Atlantic liner has commenced.

A motor-ship, designed to capture the cream of first-class travel between Europe and the New World, the ship has already passed out of the construction number stage and has been given her name: *Der Vaterland.*

In other yards, where U-boats were once built, German shipwrights are working on keels of a fleet of fast, 18-knot motor-ships, to carry both passengers and freight, with specially designed refrigerated vessels earmarked for the African service.

And certain Japanese shipowners, notably Nippon Yusen Kaisha, have completed plans to lay down a merchant fleet of 16- to 18-knot passenger-cargo motor-ships, with excellent crew accommodation, specially for the London services.

Between them, it seems, our enemies have schemed subtly to liquidate *in peace* the ships and the seamen of Britain who defied defeat in the years of sea war!

Voice of the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SOLDIERS' reaction to the recent strikes is described by L./Sgt. J. Latham, M.E.F., in a letter to his wife at Hendrefoilan Road, Sketty, Swansea:

We had a fine argument in the mess last night about the Yorkshire miners' strike; at times the exchange of views became quite heated.

The chaps who don't understand mining conditions declared that the miners should not strike in war time, whatever their grievances.

Our side argued that men strike in such circumstances only when all else has failed, and that miners were entitled to a fair deal, especially with regard to pay and compensation.

For years they have been badly treated, and they have a right to justice in war as in peace.

The opposing side thought the miners ought to be put on the same footing as men in the Army. But this was a lop-sided argument, as the mines are run by private interests for the profit of the coalowners, and the Army is not engaged in making profits for private employers.

However, when we took a vote on whether those present would prefer to work in the mines or serve in the Army they all voted for the Army!

Sergeants are not the only people who would not like to change places with the miner!

HUNGER IN ITALY

A vivid description of life in Italy comes in a letter from Pte. A. Gostling to his wife at Blyth Road, Leyton, London, E.17:

The civilians were almost starving when we arrived; I had never seen such poverty—not even among the Arabs in North Africa.

I have gone along the road in my "office" truck, throwing some of our "concrete" biscuits to children at the roadside. The youngsters fight like hungry wolves to get hold of a biscuit, and so do the grown-ups.

As fast as we capture a town, so we have to set about feeding the population.

The refugees are pitiful—old men and women whose homes have been destroyed staggering along with their little bundles under their arms or carried in little push-carts. A heartbreaking business!

After capturing Adrano we found a lot of the inhabitants in an old railway tunnel. Hundreds of them had gone there to shelter from the big bombers and the shells from our guns. Nearly all were ill, many suffered from dysentery or typhus, and all were half-starving.

The children ran to pick fruit for the troops and were rewarded with the odd bits of food we could spare.

At one place a civilian barber came out and gave us a haircut and shave for a meal! Never have I seen such a hungry man.

I am now installed in the "office" truck, which travels round like a pantechnicon. Hanging on the back of it are tins, baths, bowls, saucepans, and other articles more precious to us than rubies. The whole outfit looks just like a dust-cart—not smart, but useful.

LADIES ONLY

Travel difficulties in India are solved by troops who call strategy and soft words to their aid. Sigm. A. Reardon writes to his sister at Drummond Drive, Stanmore, Middlesex:

Owing to a railwayman's error, we found that no compartment had been reserved for us. The train was already crammed, and we told the guard we were very tired and were unhappy at the thought of standing for the journey of seventeen hours.

We added that we would be grateful, surprisingly grateful, if after a further search he found that we had got a reserved compartment in his train after all! He said he would do his best, but did not seem too hopeful.

After a while we found an empty "Ladies Only" compartment, and promptly the five of us parked ourselves in it, drawing down the blinds and keeping quiet and ladylike.

During the night, train officials kept popping in and telling us that our compartment was reserved for ladies, but we looked a bit wooden and blank, saying "No Mallam" (no understand), and then shut up the shop again.

A surprise came at dawn, when up came the guard to say that our reserved compartment was at the far end of the train. It had taken him all night to find that out.

We suspected dirty work and bribery as this compartment was full of human sardines when we boarded the train.

BUSY BURGLARS

Burglars upset the life of Gnr. R. Taylor, serving with the B.N.A.F., as he tells his wife at Hollydale Road, Birmingham:

While Alan and I were on duty on night at the Signal Office a band of Arabs raided our billets. I was told by telephone that my kit was missing. Not surprising, as my bed is nearest the door.

However, when I got back I learnt the worst. The Arabs had taken almost everything.

The boys searched for them, but all they found were a few things of no use to the Arabs and strewn about the countryside.

They found all my photographs scattered round, but the wallet from which they had been taken was missing. However, I was glad to recover the photographs. My kitbag was found about a mile away—empty, of course!

To-day I had to go to a court of inquiry to give evidence. They have now made up to me most of my stolen kit, so I am not worrying, UNLESS they try to make me pay for it!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

THE first letter this week is concerned with the temperamental differences between men and women.

During the course of my life, says the writer, I have served in several large schools where there have been mixed staffs. I have found that the men get on well together whereas the women are usually catty and spiteful towards one another.

In one school were seven women assistants, and then a young assistant came straight from college. She was rather pretty, a keen worker, anxious to "make good"; but she got no help from the older ones.

For some reason or other they made her life so miserable that she resigned from the job.

In another school where I was the head three women made life intolerable for the fourth, with the same result. To-day, many married women teachers have come back to schools and the others are often found to be making a dead set against them.

Can you explain, Humanist, why women behave like this and why men do not?

I am at a disadvantage in trying to answer such a question because I happen to be a man, but I think the explanation is that women find it difficult to be good neutrals. They adopt an emotional and personal attitude.

The Incompleat Angler

ONE very odd thing about anglers is the look of hopelessness on their faces. You'd wonder why they do it. But also they themselves seem to wonder why they do it.

In anything but fishing you've got to have a bit of enthusiasm to keep going. If you're a gardener, though you end up with a record crop of weeds, you've got to be pretty certain in the beginning that your marrow is going to be the greatest in the land.

★ ★ ★

If the Turf is your grand passion, you've got to be pretty certain—and you always are—that you've got the winner of the Derby before the Derby is run.

In every other hobby on earth you've got to have gusto. But it seems to me that before you take up fishing you've got to persuade yourself that the game isn't worth the candle.

I don't *know*, of course. I'm only going by the looks on the faces I've seen on piers and promenades, beside ponds and little streams.

Perhaps that's why few people trouble to paint pictures of them and hang them in the Academy, or write songs and plays about them. There are plenty of "Laughing Cavaliers" and "Jovial Monks" and even "Singing Fools." But the "Sighing Angler" is asking a bit too much.

If you're not a deep thinker you might say that it's being in the company of fish for so long that makes anglers like this. Shepherds, they say, come to look like sheep after some years of it, and ostlers were notoriously horsey in appearance.

Now I don't think there is anything in life more resigned-looking than a fish.

So that if most of your waking hours were spent, as it were, hand-in-hand with fish, you might end up by losing your facial expression (if any) and the use of such words as you ever had.

But deep thinkers will quickly tell you that this is no explanation at all. Because a little deep thought soon shows that anglers are not in the company of fish long enough to have their characters and expressions changed.

They rarely catch any. It is doubtful if nine out of every ten anglers know what a fish looks like.

★ ★ ★

At the same time, I don't think we ought to be brutal to anglers. Some people say that they ought to be exterminated, but I say No. If fishermen were the pattern of the Citizen of the Future the future would be a very desirable residence, I think.

Yes, a world full of fishermen would be a very peaceful world.

But, speaking as a fish-eater, where, in that case, would my fish come from?

A. G.

BEHIND THE BATTLE—3

By Frank A. Albert

How a Seafire Pilot Saw Vesuvius

PHUTTERING engines choked with the dust of war, screaming props that drowned the clicking static in one's earphones, controls that devilishly failed to respond as the altimeter needle dropped, dropped, dropped. . . .

What does it feel like to dive out of control from 9,000 to 2,000 ft.? Sub-Lieut. Donald Cameron, twenty-one-year-old Seafire pilot of the Fleet Air Arm, still doesn't know.

Weighing the relative merits of ditching the 'plane in the sea or baling out, he was too busy to notice.

When every enemy gun in the Salerno landscape seemed to open up at him, he knew he had only that choice.

He let down his flaps, swooped to sea-level and gritted his teeth for a pancake landing on the beaches.

He hadn't reckoned on the soft sand, the grit snicking into his eyes. The 'plane overturned and—that was all he knew.

Out of the abyss of oblivion young Donald came back to foetid darkness and a stifling silence, relieved only by the thud of spades.

Reception Committee!

He couldn't think what it meant till he pushed open the side cockpit window and felt nothing but sand—and more sand. He was buried alive in the 'plane in a sandhill.

Eventually a gang of German soldiers 'dug' him out and rushed him behind their lines, but it was a frying-pan-fire escape.

British warships in the Bay were shelling the German positions. Under their intense and accurate rain, Don was ordered to dig a slit trench for himself.

"I felt as though I were digging my own grave," he says.

All that day, and half the night, he lay and listened to the din while clods of *débris* again half-buried him. Then the fire grew too hot for "Jerry." Waking Don up, the Germans pushed him into an armoured car—and again he was worse off. For the car was chased by our Forces!

For eight hours they drove through swamps and bone-shattering sideroads till, in a prisoner's cell at Nazi H.Q., the captive had his first meal in 26 hours.

It was peace and quiet at last—but it was merely a prelude to thrills.

Six days later, travelling in trucks from one prison camp to another, he and a U.S. Intelligence Officer decided to escape.

At a wide bend in the road, they both jumped for it—and ran for dear life.

"We didn't stop," says Don, "till as nobody seemed to be following, we eventually dropped out of sheer exhaustion."

Yet Don, at least, was destined for a month to run the gauntlet of the Germans *behind the enemy fighting lines.*

The I.O., of Italian parentage, could speak the local lingo—a useful asset in bargaining their uniforms for civvies and cash at a farmhouse.

With ready money in their pockets, they jumped a train which was taking discharged Italian soldiers home. When officials came through, they feigned deep slumber.

And then the train halted at a country station and, as hour passed on hour, it became obvious that a closer inspection was imminent.

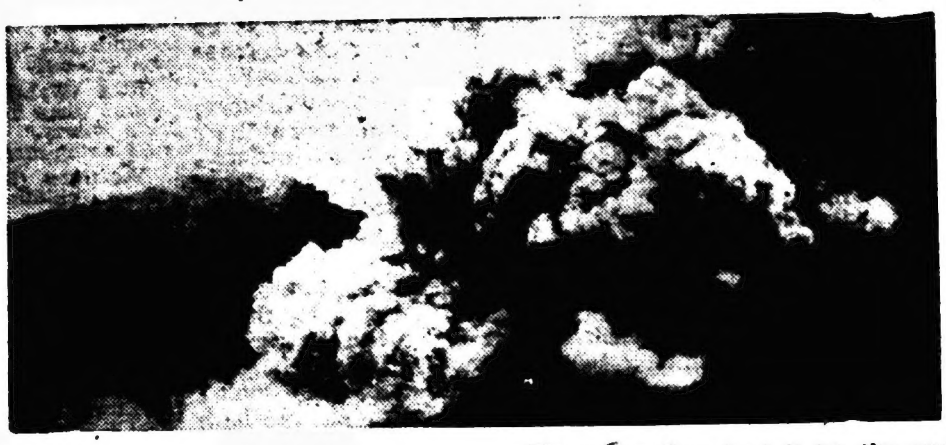
Don and his pal got going.

Hectic? That night they hid under a haystack listening to gunfire around the train they had left.

Next morning, cooler than ice-cream, the two escapees walked calmly back into the station and caught another train to Cassino

When they arrived there they had another shock. The platform was crammed with Nazi officials—a reception committee for a high-ranking general.

Sometimes—Don tells me—he wakes up in the night and sweats as he remembers how the Yank walked ahead and gave up his ticket and how he followed him under the eyes of the Nazi crowd.



To escape the Germans they made a forced march across the craters of the volcano

But they both got through. For two days and two nights they walked through the German ranks. They must be among the few members of the Allied Forces to have paid a ferry fee of two lira to cross the Volturno—and time and again they had narrow escapes from R.A.F. bombs.

Then, at a countryside station, they came against a barrier of German officials who were stopping all Italian soldiers and asking for their discharge papers. They agreed to part company for safety's sake—and it was the last Don saw of the American.

The young flyer beat it for the open country. And Vesuvius was his guide—a pillar of smoke by day, a pillar of fire by night.

Italian farmers and peasants fed him and helped him on his way German transports and infantry were continually moving up the roads.

Russian "Slaves"

"I came across a dozen old Italians gossiping around a well," he says. "I decided to take a chance and tell them I was an escaped English prisoner.

"The result was astonishing. They were overjoyed."

For ten days one of the peasants kept him in hiding. Then his host introduced him to five other fugitives.

They spoke no English.

"French?" Don asked

They smiled and shook their heads. By signs and paper drawings they came to a fraternal understanding. They were Russians who had been captured and exiled to Italy to join the German slave gangs.

Still they were not out of the fire. Vesuvius and the surrounding hills were occupied by German troops.

It meant nothing less than a forced march across the craters of the volcano itself!

The Rain Steamed

With an expert guide and in broad daylight, this is a dangerous journey

Don Cameron and his Soviet comrades made the perilous trek by night, in inky blackness, in rain that turned to pungent steam as soon as it hit the lava crust.

The fires beneath them scorched the soles of their boots. They choked in the sulphurous fumes.

In Don Cameron's simple words: "It was terrifying!"

Yet the Germans had left this one track unguarded. They had thought it impossible for men to pass this way.

And, drenched to the skin, ill with fever, Don and his Russian friends reached the vineyards of Torre-del-Greco.

Once again they went into hiding—but the Allies were near. Let the Seafire pilot himself tell the rest of his story:

"We crept towards one of the main roads, and I had the biggest thrill of my life when I saw an American jeep tearing towards us.

"I rushed out, madly waving my arms, and the British Naval Commando officer at the wheel at first refused to stop. He thought I was just another enthusiastic Italian.

"But, when I yelled out in English, he pulled up. . .

"We drove into Naples in triumph and I had my first real meal for weeks!"

Women Are Not Good Neutrals

Feminine cattiness was sharply depicted in the film, "The Women"

Two women living together will either adore each other or hate the sight of each other!

If three are together, two will combine against the third. Three men can be quite happy together. Two of them may "rag" the third, but it is all good fun, with no malice behind it. Think of the three men in a boat. But women rarely "rag"; they take it too seriously.

I get letters every week from girls who are made wretched by women supervisors. They would prefer to work for a man whose attitude would be more impersonal.

Quite half the marriage problems appear to be derived from the fact that the wife either worships her man so much that she can't bear to be out of his sight or goes to the other extreme and bullies him unbearably.

A happy marriage is tolerant on both sides; the relationship is free-and-easy, with a wide margin of give-and-take.

I HAVE been asked to give advice on a problem which is too much for me, writes a woman reader. I suggested that you were the best person to approach and agreed to put the case before you.

It concerns two people of whom I am very fond. They fell in love in their early 'twenties. The girl's mother was an ailing, whining, clinging type—a widow with no sons to support her, and she resented the prospect of losing her daughter to gain a son-in-law.

The man also had home ties, considering it his duty to care for his motherless sisters and brothers and a very irresponsible father.

That was twenty-four years ago and they are still waiting. The girl has lost her youthful figure and charm. Her mother is still ailing and still whining. The man's father is a dead weight. If the couple are to wait any longer, what benefit would it be?

One thing I am determined on. I will never stand between my children and their happiness by claiming gratitude and repayment for having brought them into the world. But I should like to know how you feel about it.

We all owe much to the generation which clothed, fed and reared us through the early years of life, but we can repay the debt by doing the same for our children.

After all, our parents owed something to grandparents. There is always a sense of debt, but the central question is this: Is the debt to move forwards or backwards?

In other words, shall we sacrifice for the past generation or for the next?

It is natural and right to help parents when they are in straitened circumstances, but there is a limit to self-sacrifice. If all people behaved like the couple mentioned in the letter, the human race would soon become extinct.

I think they should have married twenty years ago.

MY recent remarks about dreaming brought a number of letters but there is room for only one.

I was walking in the park in my dream, says a man, and a child came up to ask the inevitable question: "Can you tell me the right time?" I looked at my watch and answered: "Half past two, sonny."

I woke then only to discover that my clock had stopped. The hands were at 2.30! I glanced at my wrist-watch and found it was indeed 2.30, and concluded that the stopping of the clock had wakened me.

But how did I hit on the correct time in my dream? Was it just coincidence? If so, it was remarkable.

Other people have had similar experiences. I believe some are quoted in Dunne's *Experiment with Time*. There seems to be no doubt that we have a sub-conscious sense of time That is the reason why, in a special emergency, we can rouse at the time required.

All the same, I would prefer to relax more completely and rely upon the alarm clock.

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile!

Be happy in the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol, the finest, smoothest, tooth-paste made.

If you prefer powder, try Odol tooth powder. Double size 10½d. 6d. A TIN

TOOTHPASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

Keep the winning

Odol

Please return your empty tooth-paste tube to your chemist. *Smile!*

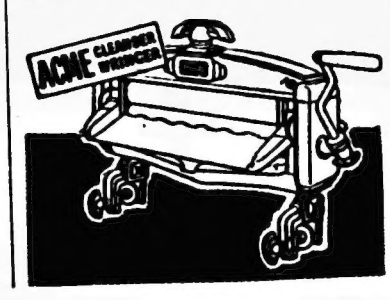
OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE

"... No, I don't mind the washing, but that wooden mangle I've had to put up with does take it out of me so —*and* out of the clothes!"

"That's where I'm lucky; I was able to find one of those lovely ★Acmes just in time—just before war broke out—and it's been doing overtime for the neighbours ever since!"

"Well, I was only saying to Jim the other day that if post-war planning gives everyone an Acme I'll be more interested in it. And won't I be thankful to see the back of mother's old-fashioned wooden-roller mangle."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer does your fleeciest blankets as easily and as safely as your sheerest undies—thanks to rubber rollers and Acme's patented 'cantilever pressure.'*



LAST LAUGH

C. P. (Reading).—"I was knocked down by a butcher's boy riding a cycle at a terrific speed." On his way to dinner, we take it.

BERT (Brixton). — "One can always tell when a middle-class woman has married twice." Yes, she generally has two children.

BILL (Walsall).—"A man never knows when he may meet the girl he'll marry." Or thinks of her overtaking him.

VIOLINIST (London).—"A musician's children are invariably musical more or less." Yes, right from the start.

PUZZLED (Maida Vale).—"For years a man paid me every attention, now his attentions have almost ceased. Can you suggest any explanation?" Maybe you married him?

S. C. (Heanor).—"When I ran my own car, I was out a good deal." Now, we take it, you are putting money in the bank.

C. V. (Aldershot).—"A man must be properly fed if he is to be made a first-class soldier." Not properly fed up.

J. P. (Manchester).—"In war time our rulers close their eyes to a good deal." And one eye, sometimes, to a bad deal?

S. M. (Bolton).—"When my wife begins to scream at me, I don't listen to her." You leave that to the neighbours?

V. B. (Bath).—"The modern young man is still apt to look down upon his fellows." Particularly the young airman.

BERT (Ealing).—"What one girl will accept as a compliment, another may resent." Quite. You may call the typist fast, safely.

ALF (Poplar).—"I had been waiting for nearly a month to get a safety blade, and then when I got one it was so poor I nearly fetched my ear off with it." First the blade and then the ear, eh?

BEN (Bromley).—"Cooks are not so much in demand as wives in war time." Well, what is a cook without the coupons?

D. F. (Bolton).—"You don't win a man over by shouting at him." Tell that one to the successful open-air cheapjack.

V. S. (Clapham).—"In the old days plenty of American and British tourists have done Italy in a fortnight." Its present visitors are taking a little more time to do it in.

D. D. (Canterbury).—"What in these degenerate days they call hot music has no appeal for me." It leaves you cold?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Hey! you! Are yer still in this war, or 'ave you made a separate peace?"

Side-Slips

STAFFS. SENTINEL:—"... and for failing to SHOP after an accident."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"... plus appropriate cost of LOVING bonus."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"... all she was able to MURDER feebly was one word, 'Water.'"

HAYES CHRONICLE:—"The company was summoned for selling coal and CAKE underweight ..."

DUNDEE COURIER:—"... by footprints at both farms corresponding with BOATS worn by him."

CASTLEFORD AND PONTEFRACT EXPRESS:—"... for causing a light to be INVISIBLE during black-out hours ..."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"There was no semblance of a front-line BOTTLE that has been going on in the. ..."

£100 Plus Radio—"BULLETS" 1,422

Mrs. H. Sewerby, 2, Albany Street, Newquay, Cornwall, for this "Bullet":—

WE SALUTE HEROES "PASSING OVER" DAILY.

£10: H. Hawkins, Club Yard, Ancaster, Grantham.
On The Other Side—Others, Beside "Other Side."

£5: Miss K. Kaye, "Lynndene," 17, Glebe Rd., Gledholt, Huddersfield.
The Biggest Crack—Right Across "Paper-hanger's Ceiling."

£1: C. J. Vines, W.O.I., R.E., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Here Hear—*Government Faces.* "Cease Fire."

£1: E. J. Davies, 653, Queens Drive, Liverpool.
Miss Forgets—"Keeping Pigs" Sometimes Unprofitable.

£1: F. Bennington, "Vardale," Croit-e-Quill, Lonan, Isle Of Man.
Some Old Hun—Destroying, Then Expecting "Humanity"!

£250 FOR A "BULLET" NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of £20:
W. Beaumont, 5, Windsor St., Saltord.
Same Old Germany—Values Same, Bold Allies.
N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Prize Of Victory—"Sky-high," Without Allied Bombers.
R. J. Harris, 364, West Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Can't Be Too-Insure—Stopping Our Landlady's Drink!
E. W. Rogers, W.R.O., R.N., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Nothing To Bitter—Losses, When All's Lost.
A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford.
Tommy's Radio—Crashed, Transmitting Mother-in-Law's Greeting!
D. Ward, 29, Queens St., Shaw, Nr. Oldham.
Nothing To Do—But More Trainers Arrived!
A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes [illegible] at their offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been issued.

OVER 170 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 164

Most meritorious entries were decided by Clothes tion Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order A—J—D—E entered by follow 7 competitors who thus share £75 [illegible] Asheppe Spray St., St. Helens; Miss A. Bailey, Manor Rd. Blackpool; F. Bee, c/o H. Yates, Solicitor, Blackpool W. A. Boughtwood, 24, Tower Avenue, Chelmsford E. C. Higgs, 32, Elmhurst Drive, South Woodford, E.18; C. Mapp, 13, Ruskin Rd., Belvedere, Kent; R. N. Wilson, 7, Darcy St., Langley Park, Durham. Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 22 entries with FIRST THREE letters in order, shared between Runners-up Awards for 143 entrants with FIRST TWO.
CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day. When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

take **Fennings LITTLE HEALERS**

at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS

and Brighten your outlook

FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d pkts. 1'3 & 3'4 glass tubes

Send 3½ in stamps to: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

GRE·SOLVENT

NO COUPONS

THE ORIGINAL PASTE CLEANER for DIRTY HANDS & KITCHEN USE

8d

FOR GRIME

ALSO POWDER IN 7d. DRUMS

GREATEST OF THESE

Have you ever been hungry—really hungry for months on end? It isn't pleasant.

And have you known that your children were hungry—even though you stinted yourself of the little food you could afford? That's a good deal more unpleasant.

If, besides, you owe money for rent and furniture and medical necessities; if, again, you are ill after serving your country, you will know the meaning of that bleak word Despair.

There are a good many family men in such a plight who appeal to JOHN BULL for help. So many, indeed, that this week we are not describing one particular case, but are appealing on behalf of all of them.

We are the more anxious to help them because they belong to the great JOHN BULL family of readers, and we think you will want to make the assistance really adequate.

Confidently, we ask you to send a donation to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. Every penny will be wisely spent, for we pay all the costs of administration ourselves. And every donation will be pooled and allocated fairly among all the deserving cases on our books.

The address is JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We'll gladly send an acknowledgment, though anonymous donations are very welcome, and we will send a copy of the current week's subscriptions on request.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

Long Chin?

For a shaving stick that gives lather galore

that's Easy

For a shaving stick whose lather lightens the work of the blade

that's Easy

For a shaving stick with 100 shaves per stick

the answer's

EASY

SHAVING STICK

7½D PER STICK (*includes purchase tax*)

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

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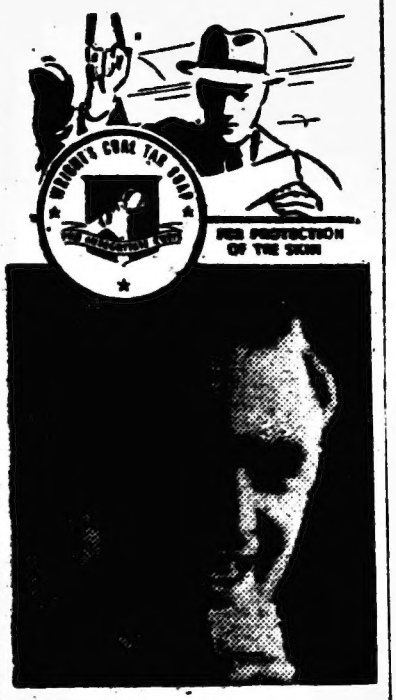


In the interests of National Health

always wash your hands before meals with

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet — 1 coupon

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FROM DEADLY DIPHTHERIA

Have your child immunised against this dreadful scourge which attacks 50,000 children yearly in Great Britain and causes between 2,000 and 3,000 deaths. Immunisation is a proved protection. It involves merely two or three SAFE and simple treatments which are available to you free through your Council Office, School or Welfare Centre. Don't delay—act at once.

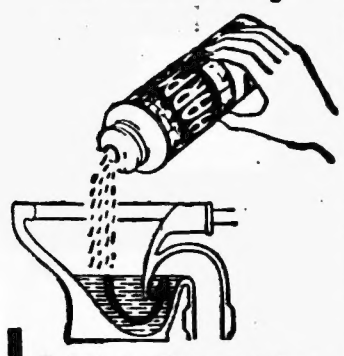
THE RADIO DOCTOR *says*—

"Immunisation is the Safeguard"

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education

D14/15

How to clean the lavatory



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration — effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

Harpic is easy to use and effective. Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white.

HARPIC

For prompt relief from Pain

—take Phensic

It is only half the truth to say that Phensic dispels pain! You can find plenty of things to do that . . . and some of them may act almost as quickly as Phensic. What makes Phensic so desirable is its power to bring new strength and vitality. Quickly, safely, Phensic produces freedom from pain and a feeling that you want to be up and doing. If you have never tried Phensic—*do so now!*

Two sizes only: 1/4 and 2/3 inc. Purchase Tax

Quickly! take some

Phensic

UP YET AGAIN

SHOOTS "BULLETS" FIRST!

£250

FIRST CASH

ONE WEEK ONLY!

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2

38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 of 10/- 1,250 MERIT AWARDS

YET another big *Bullets* surprise this week. Here is the opening of *John Bull's* grand May Campaign, rocketing the First Prize to the fine round sum of £250, its highest point for years!

Even if you have never made a *Bullet* before to-day, that £250 cheque or any other prize can be yours for two, three or four words on your coupon below. Remember, only last month Miss M. T. Chard, 18, Wynchgate, Winchmore Hill, won £100 and Radio First Prize with her very *first attempt* at *Bullets*. What she did, you can do!

You have only one week to make your £250 entry, so now is the moment to start on the inviting *Examples* below. And post by Monday, May 15, for that £250 Joy Wire!

HOW TO WIN £250

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

Thus a recent First Prize-winner took the *Example*, LITTLE BIT OF BRITAIN; he added the words, CLOSED FOR EUROPEAN "ALTERATIONS," and so won First Prize. The latest list of winners on page 14 gives you further guidance on how to score, so read each prize *Bullet* carefully, and so give yourself a flying start on your road to this week's £250!

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BLOW FOR VICTORY
GIANT WINSTON
NEVER DEFEATED
A THOUSAND BOMBERS
MAN WHO SUFFERS
ON NATURE'S BATTLEFIELD
ABOUT THE HOUSE
BETTER AND BETTER
TAXATION HEADACHE
IN THE FAMILY
PETROL'S PRECIOUS, BUT
BIT OF IRONY
PEACH OF A GIRL
DOESN'T PAY
OH FOR THE DAY WHEN
CLOUD OF SMOKE

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

WHAT THE AGITATOR SAID STANDING STILL ARMY DENTIST WHEN DAD TRIED HOUSE-WORK

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

THE WORLD'S .....
SEEDS OF .....
MONEY TO .....
TIME WE .....
DOING HER .....
UNHEALTHY FOR .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 1d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated May 27.

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,426

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, MAY 15

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,426—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

This delicious CHOCOLATE CAKE takes you back to pre-war days

Here's a really first-class chocolate cake that you can make even in the fifth year of war.

INGREDIENTS: *6 oz. self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 4 oz. sugar, 4 oz. margarine, 2 level tablespoonfuls dried egg, vanilla essence, a little milk or water.*

METHOD: Cream margarine and sugar, then add egg (dry). Beat till smooth. Mix together Rowntree's Cocoa and flour, add to mixture with vanilla essence and enough milk or water to make a thick cream. Pour into greased tin and bake in hot oven (Regulo 6) for about 1 hour.

For the filling, you need 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 2 tablespoons water, household milk (dry), vanilla essence, browned breadcrumbs.

Heat gently sugar, Rowntree's Cocoa, and water. Mix to a smooth cream. Cool slightly, stir in enough household milk (dry) to make a thick cream, add vanilla essence.

When cake is cool, cut in half crossways and put together again, with a layer of chocolate filling in between. Coat top and sides of the cake also. Using broad blade of knife, cover sides and edge of cake with crisp brown crumbs. Roll rest of the chocolate filling into balls and use as a decoration for the top.

IMPORTANT

So many things we drink at mealtime contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does)*; and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion, too. Make it *your* family's mealtime drink.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

IS UNRATIONED—GROCERS EVERYWHERE HAVE IT

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. *Your* dog will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with Bob Martin's —'one a day.'

In packets, 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

Child-Minding for the Neighbours

I'D LOVE TO MIND YOUR KIDS AS WELL AS MINE WHILE YOU'RE WORKING. BUT I COULDN'T DO IT EVERY DAY
MONDAYS IMPOSSIBLE - I'M ALL MORNING BOILING
BUT YOU DON'T STILL BOIL THE WASH?
HOW CAN YOU GET IT CLEAN IF YOU DON'T?
I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
LOOK, WITH RINSO YOU JUST SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES. NO BOILING AT ALL
THEY'RE A TREAT!
WASH FINE THINGS AND WOOLLIES IN COOL RINSO SUDS
SOME WEEKS LATER
IT'S GRAND OF YOU TO MIND OUR KIDS FOR US
THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THAT TIP ABOUT WASHING!
RINSO

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons

R3204-9 R. S. Hudson Limited

Change to Colgate Brushless

FOR LIGHTNING SHAVES WITHOUT STING OR BURN

Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning!

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

Want to be

FITTER & BRIGHTER For SPRING

THE secret of youthful freshness and youthful vitality is found in that finest of health habits—Bile Beans at bedtime.

Bile Beans purify and enrich your blood, regulate and tone up the system and bring renewed health and vitality. Bile Beans not only show the certain way to that Springtime feeling, but they clear and freshen your skin.

Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS

It makes you think!

FIRE THAT WAS PUT OUT BY ITS CAUSE!
A Tennessee cowbarn was set on fire by a stroke of LIGHTNING WHICH THEN TRAVELLED ALONG A PIPE-LINE TO A WATER-TANK STANDING ON AN ADJOINING HILL. THE TANK WAS RIPPED OPEN. A STREAM OF WATER GUSHED OUT, RAN DOWN THE HILL, AND PUT THE FIRE OUT!
MORAL: DON'T RELY ON THIS HAPPENING AGAIN!
LESS FOOD for STARVING EUROPE!
MANY TONS OF RICE WERE DESTROYED WHEN FIRE BROKE OUT IN A WHARFSIDE WAREHOUSE. FOOD STORED IN NEIGHBOURING WAREHOUSES WAS DAMAGED BY WATER AND SMOKE. The FIRE WAS FOUND TO HAVE BEEN STARTED BY A DROPPED CIGARETTE-END
EVERY OTHER MINUTE A FIRE BREAKS OUT SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN — BUT DON'T IMAGINE THAT STARTING A FIRE IS SOMETHING THAT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO SOMEBODY ELSE. MOST FIRES ARE CAUSED BY PEOPLE WHO NEVER STARTED A FIRE BEFORE. SO, WHENEVER YOU THROW AWAY A MATCH OR A CIGARETTE-END, ALWAYS BE SURE THAT IT'S OUT — REALLY OUT
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

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